

NOW ENGLAND'S NEW KING STOPPED A WAR

JULY 25,
1936

Liberty 5¢



LAYOVER, by Adela Rogers St. Johns

YOU CAN HAVE A PERFECT FIGURE IN SEPTEMBER IF YOU START NOW

by MADAME SYLVIA

"SO LONG, CALIFORNIA!"

I'm off to New York with Ethyl!

(Yes, sir! And the hotter the day, the more you need it.)



**HERE'S A HOT TIP
FOR COOL DRIVING
THIS SUMMER—
in 43 seconds**

BEWARE a "pinging" sound this summer when you "step on the gas" for pick-up, or hills. It is your engine's way of saying: "I feel hot weather, too. I'm *losing* power, *wasting* gas and *overheating*. Give me better gasoline."



KNOCK is the name of that warning "ping." It occurs when a gasoline breaks down (burns too quickly) under the heat of a modern high compression engine.

Cars built in recent years have high compression engines. And in summer the knocking evil is at its worst because hot weather increases engine heat.



THE CURE—and preventive—of knock is better gasoline. That is why most oil companies now improve gasoline by adding anti-knock fluids

(containing tetraethyl lead) made by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

They recommend, as their *best* fuel for summer driving, special gasoline sold at pumps marked "Ethyl" on the base or globe.



YOU GET at the "Ethyl" pump:
Enough anti-knock fluid to stand up under the highest engine compression on the hottest day.

✓✓ All-round quality that is double-checked—by the oil companies and the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation—at the refinery and at the pump.



DOWN TO 2¢ a gallon over regular gasoline—and high above it in anti-knock (high compression) value.

GIVE YOUR CAR the *coolest* fuel this summer. Avoid knock, with its power loss, gasoline waste and overheating. Get more power from each gallon of gasoline you buy!

NEXT TIME GET ETHYL

Governor Hoffman Re-opens the Lindbergh Case

THE Lindbergh kidnaping case is today as "open" as it was an hour after the crime!

With the recent appointment of Colonel Mark O. Kimberling to the superintendency of the New Jersey State Police, the many puzzling angles of the case are again being investigated. Colonel Kimberling will not deny that he believes Hauptmann's execution did not completely solve the mystery. New clues are being followed. Anything might happen. *Within the realm of possibility is another arrest.*

"New Jersey officials and certain police authorities," Governor Hoffman told the writer the day Colonel Kim-

berling took office, could have devoted energies to ascertaining the identity of that J. J. Faulkner who deposited \$2,980 of Lindbergh ransom money in the Federal Reserve Bank, New York City. The writing on the Faulkner deposit slip is admittedly not Hauptmann's.

"Every effort should have been made to locate the 'man with the handkerchief' described by Colonel Lindbergh as having been at St. Raymond's Cemetery; also the mysterious woman who approached Dr. Condon at the bazaar with a mysterious message; and the possessors of foreign voices who gave directions to 'John' in the telephone talks with Dr. Condon during the ransom negotiations."

In violent disagreement with these views was Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, who as superintendent of the state police was in charge of the investigation from the beginning. Schwarzkopf's official stand was that Hauptmann alone was guilty. So Hoffman replaced him with Kimberling, who had officiated at Hauptmann's execution.

Asked by the writer if he would say that the case was now officially reopened, Governor Hoffman replied:

"I will say this: I hope to see the day when the entire story will be told. I do not think the ends of justice were served by the execution of Hauptmann. If he perpetrated the crime alone—and I don't think he did—every effort should have been made to ascertain exactly how he did it. If others were involved—and I believe at least one other was—Hauptmann should have been kept alive as a very valuable material witness."

Governor Hoffman also holds these further views:

Jafsie has not told all, by a long shot. There are screaming discrepancies between his own story in Liberty and his statements to investigating officials.

Whoever climbed the ladder to the Lindbergh nursery had inside knowledge of the workings of the household. Hauptmann was very probably not the ladder climber.



Governor Hoffman. On this page he explains his stand.

WHY REOPEN the LINDBERGH CASE?

There are many unsettled questions about the crime of the century!

Did you know that not one man but two were tried by the New Jersey courts for the crime?

Did you know that both men were convicted? That one man was proved guilty of being in contact with a whole gang of kidnapers—and another man was executed as the sole perpetrator of the Lindbergh kidnaping and murder?

The first man's is a case that has been almost forgotten. But C. Lloyd Fisher, who defended John Hughes Curtis, Bruno Richard Hauptmann, and others accused of crimes and misdemeanors in connection with the Lindbergh tragedy, will tell you what he knows—and what he knows is plenty!—

IN
LIBERTY NEXT WEEK!

At least part of the evidence presented against Hauptmann was "framed" by certain police.

Certain evidence tending to indicate that Hauptmann had not been alone in the crime was deliberately held back by some officials, Governor Hoffman believes.

"The state's case against Hauptmann simply doesn't add up," Governor Hoffman told the writer. "The court records of Hunterdon County show that John Hughes Curtis, the Norfolk shipbuilder who supposedly hoaxed the Lindberghs, was convicted, long before Hauptmann's arrest, not of a hoax but of having had actual contact with a gang who stole the Lindbergh baby, and of obstructing justice in that he failed to furnish information that would lead to the apprehension of the gang. Yet later Hauptmann was convicted as having been a 'lone wolf'!"

Governor Hoffman has been accused of seeking publicity. "If I had been," he said, "would I have chosen a course that I knew would react unfavorably on me? I didn't—and don't—give a damn if, because of my position in the case, I never get another vote."

Harold G. Hoffman is a fighter. He has disclosed evidence that he has not disclosed. Yet he hopes to see the entire story told, that's all.

Will there be another arrest in the Lindbergh case?

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER,
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

WM MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

The Business Men Take the Politicians for a "Ride"

THE Cleveland convention presented a revolutionary situation.

Politicians have always controlled the nomination of candidates for important offices. But politicians secure their support from business. In fact, everything is supported by business.

Our whole progress from savagery to civilization is due to the profits that come from buying and selling.

But for the first time in an outstanding political situation business men have used their power with telling effect.

Landon's campaign was conducted by business men, not by politicians. Various friends of his active in business were turned into traveling representatives. They covered the entire country in Landon's interest. And the executive who was responsible for raising the money necessary to pay these expenses stated that up to the time of the Cleveland convention they had spent only seventy-five thousand dollars.

There was not a single professional politician among the traveling workers who favored Landon's candidacy.

But the master stroke of the promotion of Landon for the Presidency was developed in Cleveland. The number of delegates pledged to Landon previous to the convention would not have totaled more than three hundred.

To be sure, many of his publicity representatives were claiming double this number. But the Landon promoters had bought up everything in Cleveland. You could see nothing but Landon. There was nothing left for competitive candidates but a few available rooms in the hotels.

Six or eight bands were marching in the streets, playing in the hotels—all for Landon. The newspapers, practically every edition, announced Landon's gains. Landon forces were on the job at all times. And the Landon promotion occupied a lion's share of the space in the newspapers throughout the country.

We all like to be with the winner, and the delegates to a convention are no exception. They wanted to get on the band wagon. And delegates who came to Cleveland, even if they were pledged to other



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

candidates, were naturally desirous of joining the winning side as early as possible.

The psychological influence of all this ballyhoo in favor of Landon overshadowed the efforts of all competitors. There seemed to be nobody in the race but the Kansas governor. And all the delegates who were doubtful and even those who were pledged soon began to waver in their allegiance to their candidates.

The convention called to select a candidate could not resist the onslaught of these combined forces; and instead of having nominations for various candidates, the Landon forces were able to secure the nomination of their candidate by the unanimous vote of the convention.

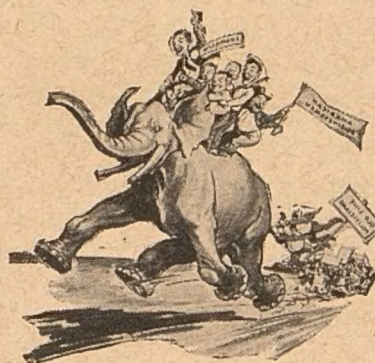
Now, this revolutionary achievement should be credited to business men—by their extraordinary insight into publicity procedures. They took the politicians for a "ride" in this instance—though we will have to credit much of this efficiency to the genius of John D. Hamilton, Landon's campaign manager.

This is a demonstration of what business men can and should do everywhere. Business has allowed politicians to mismanage the business affairs of our government, and the price of the appalling inefficiency will run into billions of dollars.

The last session of Congress passed on appropriations totaling nearly twenty billion dollars. The previous session of Congress passed on appropriations of more than ten billion.

The present administration expects to have a deficit for the current year of from four to six billion. And unless the business men begin actively to interest themselves in their own government, disaster, financial and otherwise, cannot possibly be avoided.

The experience at Cleveland demonstrates what business men can do with proper organization. Let us hope we will see similar activity on the part of business men in all political situations everywhere throughout the country.

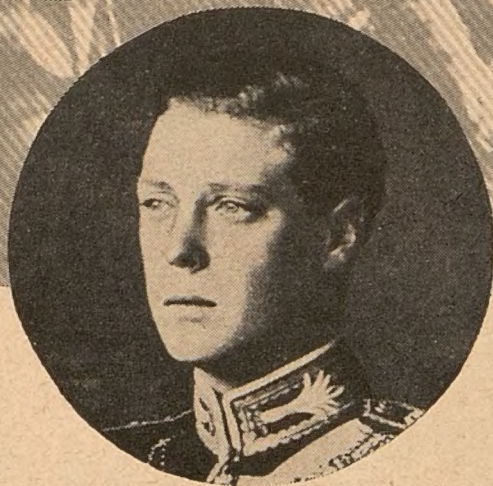


Bernarr Macfadden

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How England's New King Stopped a War



EDWARD VIII has become a king indeed. He has asserted himself as the most powerful monarch on earth. In doing so he confounded the most wily statesmen of Europe, including those of his own empire.

Moreover, he averted immediate European war!

These events have been shrouded in deepest secrecy, even though a portion of the drama was visible. The chancelleries of Europe know this story, and they are trying to measure and evaluate the new force that has come into world politics. Within innermost circles in London the facts are also known.

German troops marched into the Rhineland. Hitler was tearing up another scrap of the paper on which the Versailles Treaty was written. Here was potentially the greatest crisis since 1914. For here was action, a *fait accompli*—a thing done, such an event as starts troop movements, mobilizations, ultimatums, leading to war.

There were hurried foregatherings preliminary to a League meeting at Geneva. Most important was the swift departure of Captain Anthony Eden, British Foreign Minister, and colleagues for a "preliminary talk" in Paris.

Then suddenly it was announced that the meeting would not be held in Geneva but in London.

This by order of King Edward VIII!

Amazingly, the shift came on the order of a monarchy which for decades had given no orders. The Prime Minister is the master of Britain. The niceties of form are observed, but the rules of the game are well known, and were always quite rigorously observed by King George V.

However, on this occasion Prime Minister Baldwin and Foreign Minister Eden had been summoned to St. James's Palace. That much was recorded in the press. They found a new king who "told" them!—told his ministers what must be done, and made it stick. What arguments he used, or what pressure, no one knows; they must have been very definite. His conviction, in words attributed to him, was: "If the talks take place at Geneva, it means that another European war will be launched upon us within forty-eight hours."

The arrangements for shifting the fateful meeting to London were made so quickly that there was not even time to prepare special stationery. All that was used bore a League, Geneva, date line.

Why this veering? Quite simply because the wily M. Litvinoff, Foreign Minister of Soviet Russia, was pushing Europe toward the conflagration. His "case" was: "Hitler's action can be construed only as aggression, and the answer can take only the one form—war." To the French and British alike he made such representations. But Litvinoff and Eden have been, of late, the most spec-

Now It Can Be Told:
A Dramatic Secret
of History in 1936

by
EARL REEVES

Formerly Chief Correspondent of the International News Service in London

READING TIME • 4 MINS. 25 SECS.

tacular diplomats of all Europe, and have been coming closer and closer together. And the whole shaping up of preliminary talks had been manipulated by Litvinoff toward a curt order to Germany to withdraw from the Rhineland within forty-eight hours.

That would have lighted the fuse. And the fiery and temperamental Mr. Eden might have furnished the match.

England's new king knew of all this. He knew also that there have lately been eight or nine cases of sabotage by Moscow agents, only two or three of which have been reported in the press. He knew that every Soviet ship which touches at an English port is under constant police surveillance to see that no more officers

of Russia's "shock troops" for use in other nations are smuggled into England. He was, in short, unable to see the picture of a "friendly" Soviet Russia as many in England and America see it.

And so that League Council meeting was held in London. What Eden had to say was strangely colorless. Litvinoff was subdued. The two sat side by side, as has been their custom in many conferences. Litvinoff's attitude was expressed in the declaration that the king was "blocking League of Nations justice." He declared further—as if implying better luck another time—that the League Council had not permanently moved to London.

"Even he," Litvinoff said, referring to King Edward, "cannot achieve that."

But it was not a mere change of scene which blanketed this worst crisis since 1914. King Edward VIII had given more instructions to his ministers. And they, and Litvinoff, and probably others, knew that he sat in his study during that meeting, listening via microphone to every word uttered!

And that is why war did not come to Europe.

That also is why statesmen today are taking into account a new force in world politics. As for Britons, those of the inner circles are said to be recognizing that, at the least, "another Edward" has come to the throne, and that his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, also must be reckoned with, because the duke was closely associated with him in the events recorded here.

Joachim von Ribbentrop, Hitler's ambassador at large, had been presenting Germany's case before the ministries of Europe. He had, of course, had his say in Downing Street. When the crisis had quieted, he was invited to the palace, where he was closeted for an hour and a half with Edward VIII. No one knows what went on, yet this is one more of many proofs that His Britannic Majesty is no mere symbol. Clearly, the world's most popular prince has become a real king.

THE END

Venturing Heart,
Challenge to Life, and
Things a Girl Knew
about Love . . . A Poign-
ant Tale of the Airways

by
ADELA
ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

READING TIME
24 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

LAYOVER



INSIDE, the airport station lay deserted and echoing beneath the glare of white lights. A clock pointed to 1.15. On a bench a Negro porter drowsed, and in the little restaurant a blonde waitress poured coffee for a couple of taxi drivers.

Outside, the night was blue plush hung with stars. A gaudy night with distant lightning and dust eddying in gusts of spiteful wind.

The girl came in as though she had been blown by the wind. Above a knotted scarf her impudent chin was high. Her heels disturbed the silence in quick rhythm and her hair was red, too red, and she was like a dance tune, gay and a little tawdry, made to stir emotions too quickly, too easily. The tilt of her upturned nose, the sway of her hips, the round note of her painted mouth were like that.

The young man behind the counter in olive drab looked up from a sheet of figures and said, "Hello."

He didn't know her name, but he'd seen her around the airport often enough before, and often late, like this.

There were always girls hanging around an airport, waiting for the ships to come in. In the afternoons, high-school kids, holding on to each other, giggling and squealing; girls in smart roadsters, aloof and provocative; young married women with too much time on their hands. But mostly girls like this, girls with painted mouths and swaying hips and reckless eyes.

Airport tramps, the boys called them.

The young man behind the counter watched her as she

went down the steps into the deserted waiting room, bright and forlorn in its green paint and flowered cretonnes. Kind of cute, at that, he thought. He had a weakness for good-looking legs. There'd been quite an argument up in the pilots' room the other night as to whether a good-looking face or good-looking legs mattered the most. This little dame, whoever she was, certainly had a pair of ankles that started a train of thought.

At the window of the waiting room she stood staring out into the night. Stood with her uptilted nose pressed against the window pane, watching the field lights gleam through the plushy hot blackness, staring up as though she expected something to come out of the night. Probably she wasn't. These gals who hung around airports didn't always know any of the pilots. But they had a technique. They'd meet one pilot somewhere and then they'd wait around and when they saw a guy in uniform getting his dinner or coming through to check the weather, they'd say, "Oh, hello. I met you last year in Newark"—or Chicago—or Toledo—"with Perry West. Remember?"

Sometimes it worked. Especially in a town like Cleveland, where, when they broke the run to New York, the boys had a lot of short layovers.

The girl came back and stopped at the counter. She said, "Is there a ship coming in pretty soon?"

Her smile was kind of cute, too.

"Trip Twenty-two's due in from Chicago in about twenty minutes," he told her. "He's a little late."



Her voice crackled like static in the room. "So I'm an airport tramp," she said. "That's all you saw—all you thought."

ILLUSTRATION BY
CHARLES BRYSON

Suddenly the landing lights flashed on; the field lay flooded in radiance. It was like a great lake of light, defying the darkness. The co-pilot said quickly, to the man behind the counter, "Isn't that Ryan? They better get those landing lights off—Rusty don't like 'em."

The lights went off. "He told 'em," he remarked with satisfaction. "You'd think those guys would learn after a while. I flew with him a lot last summer, when we were going through from Chicago to New York. Airplanes will do things for him they won't do for anybody else."

HIS voice was a little wistful. He turned back to the girl, but she had gone. She had gone without a word and very swiftly, for there was no sign of the small impudent figure. The co-pilot shrugged. Just as well. Never get you anything but trouble, picking up gals around an airport.

The sweet hum of the great Boeing sounded from the sky. Jack Smalley went out. Against the sky, mingled with the stars, he saw a red light, a green light. The hum swelled into a roar. Between those two lights the long, exquisite

body of the ship came out of the blackness.

He stared out across the field as it floated down. The girl named Judy was flattened against the tall wire fence that enclosed the station, as though she had been blown there by the wind. She clung to it, her hands above her head, her thin dress wrapped about her. Her head was flung back so that her eyes could see the plane, and it tilted slowly downward as the plane came back to earth.

She was still there when the passengers got out and came across the enclosure, heads bowed against the sting of wind and dust. She was still there when Rusty Ryan climbed out and came by, his cap down over his eyes; but he didn't see her. He didn't see her until he had settled himself at a table in the restaurant and ordered his coffee.

He wouldn't have seen her then, except that she came across the restaurant and sat down at a table, opposite him.

The glance he gave her was forbidding. He was a slight, vivid young man, very black eyes set in a lean face. When he smiled there was a dangerous sweetness about him. Women who had once seen that smile were apt to spend a good deal of time inviting it again, were apt to become obsessed with the idea of possessing it. Men who knew him, who had seen that smile flown in the face of danger and fatigue and disaster, loved him greatly. Also they proclaimed, within the sacred confines of brotherhood, that he was the greatest living pilot. In commercial air-line hangars they said they'd like to put Rusty Ryan against any of these famous headline pilots when it came to flying an airplane. He would, they contended, fly the wings off 'em.

She lingered as though she wanted to talk. "It must be fun to fly at night," she said.

"Sure," he said; "it's great flying any time. I wouldn't ever stay on the ground, not if I had my way."

"I see," she said, and her mouth crinkled up at the corners when she smiled. "You'd like to be the daring young man on the flying trapeze. I don't know about flying. I've never been up. If you've got a job these days, you stick to it. That's why I don't get out of Cleveland much."

The telephone rang. The young man was very business-like. He said, "Yes, sir. They'll be in in about fifteen minutes now. They were late getting out of Chicago on account of waiting for the Western mail."

When he looked up he was surprised to see that the girl still stood there. She was watching the front doors swing open. Jack Smalley came in. His glance took her in swiftly. Jack always looked at every woman he saw, just on an off chance. You might see something you liked. Not that he ever had anything to do with girls who hung around airports. You could always do better than that.

The girl said, "Hello, Jack."

He nodded. "Hello, Judy. How you been?" His pause was very obviously only a pause. He said, "Going to catch me some sleep. Some damn first pilot with a gal in New York bumped me so he could get over, and I'm waiting to ride back to Chicago. Be seeing you."

The girl opened her eyes wide, smiling up at him. For the first time he noticed that they were very blue. Made him think of something, he wasn't exactly sure what. He said, "All right—I'll buy you a cup of coffee."



RUSTY

They loved him and did not at all understand him, having had little to do with fauns, and forgave him a shy gentleness behind which he escaped many things.

Eddie Hillman said, "The guy was born with wings, that's all. Naturally, he's a little screwy. The rest of us just learned to fly, but that Ryan was born with wings."

Eddie Hillman had flown more miles than any other pilot on the Line, he was Rusty's closest friend, he ought to know.

Rusty was always shy with women. But usually he was gentle, he was kind. The forbidding glance he gave the girl across the table was something no one had ever seen before. It had to do with the black mood that had ridden with him through the air for two hours and more and that still lashed him.

Judy smiled engagingly in the face of it. The cold wind outside had swept something from her face and left it shining with excitement. The impudence was gone and the invitation. Almost, it might have been a boy's face, stamped with eagerness.

She said, "You just brought that ship down, didn't you?"

Rusty Ryan went on staring at her. His thoughts were as new as they were bitter. He thought that her hair was dyed that glossy shimmering red. He thought that her mouth was only painted scarlet. All women's mouths were painted scarlet, and he wondered now if they did that to hide the stain of lies, of broken promises, of cheap kisses.

WATCHING him, Judy put her hand suddenly to her throat. The shining look that she had turned to the red and green stars descending from heaven upon her faded before the naked despair in those black eyes. Her face went white and the paint stood out. She shouldn't have spoken to him. But usually if you spoke to a pilot he was nice about it, even if he only kidded you a little. She sat very still, trying to find strength to get out of her chair.

I didn't mean anything, speaking to him, she said to herself. Why does he look at me like that?

There wasn't any way for Judy to know that he was looking at her with the disaster that he had carried through the long night. It had been a brutal trip, fighting a perverse and capricious wind, fighting a lightning storm along the lake, and dust over Toledo, carrying the great ship so that every passenger was smooth and comfortable.

At best, he had that peculiar desire to be let alone

that can be felt in the first minutes back on earth.

At worst, there was this hellish layover in Cleveland before he took a ship back to Chicago at six o'clock.

A layover like that was bad enough any time. You were too tightly wound up to sleep. And there wasn't any place to sleep except the pilots' room, and he hated that. Even if you drank, which he didn't, you couldn't drink in uniform; you couldn't drink when you had to fly in a few short hours. Even if you wanted, for the first time in your life, to get drunk, as he did tonight. If he could only have gone on flying! Only a bunch of guys who'd never flown an airplane would break a trip in Cleveland. Just when you began to be happy, just when you belonged in the air, dragging you back to earth, leaving you stranded, with nothing to do but wait bleak hours to fly again.

LAYOVER.

Layover in Cleveland, tonight of all nights. When he was half mad because he could find no thoughts that did not lead inevitably back to the girl with a fair face and tender hands and gentle eyes in whom he had believed only as he believed in the winds and sun and snow and the stars and airplanes.

It wasn't so much that he had lost her. He had known that tonight, even while he said good-by to her. It was the hope that she had betrayed. For he had hoped. Oh, yes, quite definitely, he had let himself hope that he had found love at last. More than that: There had been in him faith that he had found a friend and lover in whose love he might feel safe. Those things that he had kept locked inside himself he had given to her. Once he had been used to loneliness, had been used to making the best of it. But return to loneliness, without hope or faith, was a bitter thing.

Because he was very young, Rusty Ryan saw it as a final thing.

There was no way for the girl who sat across from him now in the airport to know what went on behind that brutal stare of his. But, strangely enough, the humiliation passed and she found herself filled with pity. Nothing surely on the hard white bitter young face opposite her should have called for pity. Nothing in the contempt those black eyes flung at her should have awakened tenderness.

Yet tenderness was a song in her. But a song for which she had neither the words nor the music.

Panic jerked her to her feet. She must get away from this thing that had begun with glory as he swept down from the skies; that had torn open her heart when his black eyes stared at her; that had welled into pity and tenderness that she could not understand. She must get away before it reached a crescendo that would leave her helpless to forget.

Swaying a little, she stood there, small and white and disordered, her hands trembling at her scarf, at her curls. Suddenly she managed a smile, and threw it at him.

Rusty Ryan saw the impudent gamin invitation of that smile.

Swiftly he smiled back at her, and he was not mocking her but that other girl, the girl with the gentle eyes and the tender hands whom he had found that night in another man's arms. Then he laughed. A bugle of defiance. This girl with her impudence, her open invitation, her painted mouth—how different she looked! But she wasn't any different.

He said, "Wait a minute."

Judy stood very still.

Rusty Ryan got to his feet and came around the table. His eyes were dancing with laughter. Women were all alike. A man was a fool to search for that love to which there was no end, to which a man might commit his soul in safety.

There was always one way to spend a layover in Cleveland.

The young man behind the counter watched them go. He was a placid young man, little given to surprise, but as the glass doors swung behind them surprise was written large upon his face. Of course usually you never could tell, but Rusty Ryan was something else again. A quiet guy; played pretty much of a lone hand; but there had always been that smile and something special about him. Being slow of thought he was still contemplating the matter when Jack Smalley came back. Eddie Hillman was with him, and Monty Belford. They were getting ready to take Trip 15 on to Chicago.

Jack Smalley said, "Did you see where the hell Ryan got to?"

The young man behind the counter was glad of an opportunity to impart his confusion to some one else. He said, "He went out about an hour ago with that girl you were talking to in here—the one with the red hair."

Smalley said, "Judy? You're nuts."

"Oh, no," said the young man. "I saw them go."

"Judy?" said Monty Belford. "You mean—What's Ryan fooling around in that league for?"

"I don't know," said Eddie Hillman.

"You used to play around with this Judy dame, didn't you?" said Monty. "Know where she lives or anything? Rusty must have gone crazy or been drinking, or something."

"I don't know where she lives," Eddie Hillman said. "If I did, you can't go playing copper and blowing whistles on a guy like Rusty Ryan."

Hillman's co-pilot said nothing. That had to do with the fact that he loved Ryan; that he had been with Ryan upon a certain night when Ryan had flown a plane to hell and back; that Ryan was an ideal of which he had naturally never spoken to a living soul. What the hell did Rusty Ryan, who had never cared about anything but airplanes in his whole life, know about girls like Judy?

Monty Belford said, "Nothing to get excited about. You know how it is—yourself: get a layover at night, can't sleep; once in a while you get the jitters, no place to go, nobody to talk to—Come on. Our ship's in. Nothing to worry about. Sometimes a man just naturally has to find him an emergency landing field somewhere. He won't ever see her again."

BUT Monty was wrong.

Ryan had three layovers a week in Cleveland.

From then on, when his ship came down for a landing that marked it to the eyes of other pilots as Schmeling's right would mark him to a boxer or Astaire's dancing to a dancer, Judy was always there, her face upturned to her special stars, her hands clinging to the wires.

She wasn't just an airport tramp any more.

Judy was meeting her pilot openly, for all the air-line world to see.

That she should be waiting for Ryan was something which shook that world to its foundations. Maybe they were just sentimental about Ryan, but you cannot change a fact by calling it sentimental. Maybe they were just afraid because they loved him. Naturally none of them ever thought of Judy. An airport tramp was an airport tramp and you let it go at that. Only, they simply didn't know what to do and they couldn't understand.

Rusty Ryan understood very well indeed.

He had gone back the second time because he had been mistaken. He was quite sure of that. Oh, definitely. He had been mistaken in Judy. For once within the small shabby comfortable little apartment a few blocks from the airport, he had walked the floor as though he were alone. She had allowed him to feel alone. She sat quietly when the moments would no longer let him be silent, and listened while he said all the things a man may say whose first love has shown him the face of evil. She had allowed him to be alone and yet she had given him some comfort, as a dog might have done.



JUDY

She had made him coffee; she had made him take a shower; she had listened, and that was all.

And somewhere, perhaps, in the struggling wounded young depths of him, without his knowing it, she had poured back one drop of faith, one very small note of hope.

Not in her, not in women—literally, he wouldn't have known what she looked like the next morning—but in humanity itself.

Gratitude sent him back. And a rather pathetic chivalrous shame that he had misjudged her, insulted her in his thought and his intention.

Why he had gone back the third time he wasn't quite sure. He hadn't meant to go. But the girl was there when he landed, and of that second visit he remembered two things: her laughter, and one thing she had said: "I'd rather see an airplane come down out of the sky than anything else on earth."

Funny thing for a girl to say. When he was a kid he used to feel exactly that same way himself.

Hot murky spring nights when her little apartment was cool and friendly. Nights when she sang to him, shyly at first, saying she couldn't sing much. Well, she couldn't, as far as that went. But the black devils that inhabited that new desert of loneliness stood back from her funny husky little voice. And she sang funny songs, kid songs, and ballads of the sea and the land. He was grateful for that, too.

I'm in a flat spin, Rusty Ryan said to himself the fourth or fifth time he went to the little apartment. I'm in a flat spin and I know it. My nerves are all out of control. I'm afraid to be alone, but I don't want to see anybody I know. I can't stand silence, but I don't want to talk to anybody who knows me. I can't begin to pretend I'm just like I used to be—not yet. I want to fly, but I can't fly all the time. I wish I could. I want to be let alone, but I don't want to be alone.

He didn't notice the small changes in the apartment—the flowers that were always there, the ash-tray stand beside the big chair, the aviation magazines—any more than he noticed that he was drawing warmth and comfort from this girl.

Little things.

Talk. Listening. Music. A place to go. Moments of forgetfulness.

"Sing to me," he said one night and put his black head back against the chair and was very still.

When she had finished he said softly, as though he feared to wake the sleeping devils, "Did you ever know there is music in an airplane engine?"

Her hand touched his gently. Crept inside his and lay there. A hand to hold.

He said, "I brought Three-forty-seven over today. Lucky the weather was swell. She was tired."

A very small voice said, "Do they get tired?"

He chuckled. "Three-forty-seven was born tired. Didn't you know? I think it has to do with her complexion. It's the lousiest paint job you ever saw."

"Which one," said the small voice, "do you love most?"

He told her. "She's a darling. We sort of—specially like each other, I guess. She never does as well for any of the other boys as she does for me. She likes to fly and she isn't ever afraid and she isn't ever mean. Not as fast as Three-fifty-nine, but she's never mean. Three-fifty-nine can run like hell, but she's wild at the barrier, and sometimes she goes haywire at the finish."

"I know which one that is," said the small voice from somewhere beside his knee. "That's the one you flew over last Wednesday night."

He said, "How did you know?"

"I remember how it looked," the husky little voice said.

He thought about that. He hadn't noticed that his other hand was on her hair. She sat very still, her head against his knee, afraid to move for fear he might notice.

Next morning at dawn, he thought about it again. How had she known it was Three-fifty-nine who had acted up badly on that landing Wednesday night? How could any woman know that?

Above all, there was the day when he took her up for the first time—bought her a passage to Chicago and back and put her in the front seat—and watched her face.

"You'd think," he jeered at her—"you'd think I was going to fly you straight to heaven or something. It's just an ordinary commercial airplane and we're just going to fly it from Cleveland to Chicago and back with a lot of passengers and mail."

For a moment her eyes had blazed anger at him, and then she had jeered back. "Don't try to kid me, my little love," she said. "You felt exactly the same way the first time you ever went up—only worse."

My little love. No one had ever called him that before. Even in jest it had a pungent sweetness, like a tangerine.

Little things.

Little things?

He said it to himself one day, just after they took off from Toledo. He always thought best in the air. He did all his serious thinking in the air. He said it to himself and then he said it out loud, so that his co-pilot, Jack Smalley, looked at him in amazement.

Tenderness and service and sweetness and heavenly acquiescent kindness. Understanding and loyalty and laughter.

BECAUSE his ideal had to do with purity, because he had misjudged her that first night, because he had picked her up in an airport, he hadn't noticed that those things for which he had searched for long had come to him when he least sought them.

Jack Smalley, reporting to Cleveland, watched the strange guilty look on his face and took a sudden resolve. As soon as they got in, he'd talk to Eddie Hillman, he'd talk to him the first chance he got.

That night Rusty Ryan said, "Judy."

The girl smiled at him. It occurred to him that always, when he looked at her, that smile swept to meet him.

He said shyly, "You know—you're the best friend I have. The dearest. You're dearer somehow than Eddie, even—I suppose because you're a girl."

He looked down into her eyes. They were wide and blue and the smile had melted into something different. He saw love in them. Shining through a mist. He had never seen love before. Love, he thought, in sudden delight, is so very rare; so few people know how to love, dare to love.

He kissed her, and knew that his love went back to her; that the thing which had torn him before was his attempt to create love. He wasn't sorry now, for Judy had filled the mold.

He said, "I love you."

Against him, she was weeping passionately.

"My little love," he said, "what is it?"

"I'm afraid," said Judy.

"But you can't be," he said. "Why are you afraid?"

"I don't know," said Judy.

But she did. She was afraid for them, for the one they had become, because she knew that Rusty's ideal of purity had a name and a face, and that, being what he so magnificently was, he might not understand that purity, like love, is only of the spirit.



ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

is well known to the readers of Liberty, in which have appeared a large number of her articles, stories, and biographies of motion-picture stars. She has also contributed many featured articles to newspapers, covering big news events. She is said to know more celebrities than any woman reporter.

IT was the next night that Jack Smalley talked to Eddie Hillman. That was why, at midnight, five pilots sat around the desk in the superintendent's deserted office on the second floor of the giant hangar.

Judy went up the flight of stairs on her toes, dancing on them, flying on them. It was a narrow outside flight of stairs and it led to the superintendent's office, but there was never anybody there after midnight. Rusty had told her to go up there and wait.

He didn't like her hanging around the airport.

The door was open. The sound of voices stopped Judy three steps from the top. Through the glass partitions she could see five pilots sitting around the desk. Jack Smalley. He rode with Rusty. She liked him. Monty. Van der Water. A big blond young man she didn't know.

Her breath caught sharply.

Eddie Hillman.

Judy steadied herself with a small hand against the railing.

Jack Smalley said, "Look. It's not nice. But, damn it, it's Rusty. Nobody needs to make a speech to tell you that Rusty's—well—I mean, you're all pretty fair pilots—I'm a co-pilot and I've ridden with all of you—"

Monty said abruptly, "You don't need any soft music to put over that Rusty's the best pilot we've got. I flew with him on T. A. T. from Kansas City."

"Look," said Jack Smalley. "He's—he's a squirrely guy. You've known him a long time, Eddie. We play around, but Rusty—did he ever?"

Hillman was very quiet, his eyes were gray and expressionless. He said, "No. He's smart. He knows men. But for a dame like this one—he'd be the world's prize sucker. You ain't telling me anything."

There was a silence. They were saying things they did not say. They were uneasy.

Van der Water—Van had taught Rusty to fly—said, "The boy don't know anything about anything in the world but an airplane. He's got an idea all women were born under a rosebush. If he really gets into this thing and finds out about this Judy, he'll crack up like he hit a mountain."

"We've got to stop it before it's too late," Jack Smalley said. "It'll ruin him. He's the kind of a guy can be made a bum out of by a woman. I know this dame. She'll get to chasing around like she's always done, picking up other guys, hanging around the airport when he's away so he'll be half nuts all the time—"

Monty said to Eddie Hillman, "If you tell him the truth—"

"I've got to tell him," said Eddie Hillman in a dead voice.

From the doorway a thin voice that was like a squeak said, "You don't know—you don't know. You mustn't—"

They swung to her and were motionless, like children playing a game of statues.

Her face was drained of everything except pain. There was nothing left of her face except a mask of pain and two eyes made of blue stone.

She came into the room and stood beside the flat desk.

She put her hands palms down upon it to hold herself upright.

"I heard you," she said.

Her head went down and she stared at the desk; she seemed to see something there that they did not see. Slowly she faced them. That circle of men. Silent men. Waiting.

Their eyes were hard, watching her. They were not seeing Judy. They were seeing the girl that Rusty Ryan must know about for fear he might love her and be destroyed.

"I thought," she said, "that pilots were something wonderful. I thought being up there all the time, seeing the stars and flying and looking at the universe like we can't, made them different."

Eddie Hillman said, "Judy—"

Her shaking hand stopped him. Before their eyes she turned into a small stammering fury. When she flung her head back and stared at him, her hat fell off and her hair blazed under the lights.

She was dealing now with men, earthbound men, and the contempt in her voice crackled like static in the small room.

"So I'm an airport tramp," she said. "A girl who hangs around airports to pick up men. That's all you saw—all you thought."

Her hand clenched a moment; she opened it; she seemed to fling something from her.

"I didn't ever come into your minds that maybe I got sick of bum night clubs and rotten people and the things that go with them. And that the only place I knew that was clean and had plenty of fresh air and stars at night and winds in the daytime was an airport."

"I don't suppose you ever thought that I work like a slave. I don't suppose any of you even knew that I run an elevator up and down all day long, crowded, hot, horrible days, because I love life, and to keep life you have to keep your stomach full, and that I'm lonely and haven't any friends."

"Lots of girls are like that. You didn't think that all the things I dreamed about, the things I couldn't have, I came out to your airport to find, because I just loved to see ships come out of the sky. You couldn't imagine that that was the loveliest thing in life to me, could you? And that it wasn't always easy to come because I didn't have any business here, even if all the things I couldn't get for myself were here—adventure and beauty and courage—"

Monty Belford shouted at her, "Judy—we didn't—you don't—"

Judy said, very quietly, "I understand too well—now. It was before that I didn't understand. I thought about you—like soldiers. In danger. I thought of you sometimes alone here and lonely like I was. I wanted to be kind—"

Both hands pressed down upon her chest as though she pressed down pain.

"Damn you!" she said, and it was a curse that she called down upon them, and they knew it. "I didn't come to this airport for men. I can get all the men I want anywhere. I

came because I loved it—loved to see men fly—to think where they were going—"

Between words she had crossed the room, moving awkwardly, trembling, like some young animal trapped to death.

Face to face with Eddie Hillman, she drawled at him, as though she dragged her voice from her throat by a supreme effort, "Tell him! Tell him the truth then, damn you! Tell him how I took you, and why. Tell him you got drunk in a bum night club and that I took you home and kept you there so nobody would see you and know. Because I couldn't bear what would happen to you if they saw you. Tell him the only way I could keep you there—go ahead and tell Rusty that, and then keep your rotten tongue off me, or I'll kill you."

It left her shaken, sickened, unable for a moment to move. Her teeth were chattering.

"I wouldn't have told," she said piteously, "never, never. I wouldn't tell now—for myself. It's only for Rusty."

The tears came then. They washed the fury and sickness and pain from her face. They washed it clean of everything, of make-up, of emotion. She looked incredibly young and tired and helpless.

"You don't know that I love him," she said gently. "You wouldn't understand that, having known other men, I can love him more than anybody. Nobody could love him as I do. He needs love. If you tell him—"

There was a voice downstairs, calling.

There were footsteps on the stairs, running up.

Monty said, "Hell, his ship's in!"

Judy put her hands on the desk. Her back was to the door. Rusty came through that door swiftly, his eyes dancing. He saw them and the smile they all knew so well lit his face.

He put his arm around Judy and she lay back against him. Her face was painted upon the olive drab of his uniform. Her eyes were wide and blue and frozen with fear.

Rusty Ryan said, "This is what I call swell. Who fixed this up? I wanted us all to get together. I want you to know Judy—"

He bent and kissed the top of her head. There was no sound while they watched him.

"You see," Rusty Ryan said, "we were married this morning."

The girl turned her hands palms upward and closed her eyes.

Into the silence broke Eddie Hillman's voice:

"We've all been talking quite a while, Rusty, and really getting acquainted. We had just decided that Judy was a swell girl. You always were a lucky guy, Ryan."

Monty Belford said slowly, "I guess we're all pretty lucky."

Judy said nothing. But she knew, knowing so much more of love than any of them, just who was lucky.

He would, she thought, have forgiven me, but it is better for this thing we are to keep and to hold for all our lives that Rusty need never know that I have been born again.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—The early photo at the reader's right is of a man who, born in Pennsylvania, moved to Ohio, then farther West. He plans to travel extensively, and hopes to settle in the East. Who is he?

2—Alderney, Jersey, and Guernsey belong to which group of islands?

3—What Shakespearean lecturer was discharged in 1919 with sixty dollars, and made more than a million with his hands by 1928?

4—Who is Signor Tafari?

5—Where is a school conducted for pupils more than seventy years old?

6—What crooner plans to enter politics?

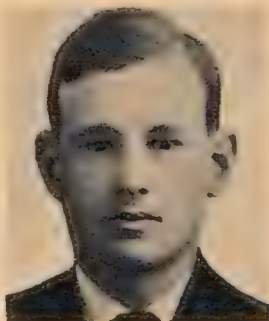
7—About how many families constitute Father Coughlin's parish at Royal Oak, Michigan?

8—What was President Harding's middle name?

9—Who was Ned Buntline?

10—What bird of the snipe family has the artist drawn?

11—In what game do the thumb and



fingers ordinarily tire before the leg muscles?

12—Who is "Europe's Smartest Little Statesman"?

13—How many years ago was the San Francisco earthquake and fire?

14—What employees of organized baseball may not register at the same hotels as do pitchers, catchers, etc.?

15—How long did it take Phineas Fogg to encircle the globe?

16—Who is chess champion of the world?

17—What ship can carry forty passengers westward from Honolulu, yet can carry but eighteen passengers westward to Honolulu?

18—How much is deposited in all the mutual savings banks in the United States?

19—Where in the Bible is it forbidden for women to wear men's clothing?

20—What Anglo-American novelist wrote Romance and Reality?



(Answers will be found on page 29)



You Can Have in September

Stretch as if you're trying to touch something beyond your reach.

READING TIME
7 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

But You'll Have to Earn It . . . Here's a
a Famous Beauty Expert Who Kept

by MADAME



NBC Studio photo
MADAME SYLVIA came to America from her native Norway, worked her way to Hollywood and settled down to making a living "off the fat of the hams," as one of her famous clients put it. Her electric frankness disproved the theory that stars must be handled with kid gloves. She doesn't weigh 100 pounds.

WELL, babies, it's happened again! Summer is here. And with it, as usual, come the many pitfalls that the flesh is heir to. What are you going to do about it this time? Are you going to give your figure a vacation while you yourself are taking a short rest? By that I mean, are you going to pull yourself together and rescue the wreckage you call "my figure"? Or are you going to continue to subject your poor body to the abuse you've been handing it during the past six months?

Yes, I'm talking to you fat gals who can't move around without showing a couple of profiles—and you papas, too, who think you're taking the curse off a bay window by decorating it with a watch chain and an elk's tooth! Now don't get sulky, because I'm going to show you how you can have a swell figure,

be chockful of health, and look like the proverbial million dollars when you return from your vacations.

Let's get the first shock over quickly. If you're reducing, and want results my way, remember this: A resolution in one hand and a highball in the other will never do the trick. Liquor is out. If at some time you feel by refusing that your reputation as a good sport will be shot to pieces, then take it. I'll forgive you. But toy with it! Make it last. Occasionally you can get by with it as far as your figure is concerned. But don't sell yourself on the idea and use it as an alibi every time you see a bottle.

Many of you will be spending most of your vacation time in a bathing suit. That's swell. Air baths, always, and sunshine in moderation are wonderful conditioners. But here's a little warning, particularly to you fat women. You soon become used to the freedom of a bathing suit, as there are no stays or heavy reinforcements to warn you against overeating. You let yourselves go and get into the habit of slumping and sagging.

You men with your vests off and your belts discarded have nothing to whisper: Stop eating! What to do? Try to eat as regularly and as intelligently as possible, for one thing. I don't mean that you have to settle down and starve yourselves out. That's stupid. But if you order salad, it's just as easy to say "No dressing" as it is to say "Mayonnaise." It's a lot better for you, too. If you think it's too flat—plain, I'll compromise a little. Have some lemon juice or light French dressing over it.

There are times, of course, when it may be difficult to get the things you know you should have. At summer

resorts you're up against temptations. Stuff on a stick or in a bottle, and fantastic sandwiches that you grab on the fly are the Loreleis of the resorts. Avoid them. Instead, eat a raw apple or some berries or other fresh fruit if you're hungry in the afternoon. Drink fresh orange juice—not the jazzed up "ades." A cold glass of fresh buttermilk is a swell thirst quencher, and very valuable when reducing.

Take your liquids between meals, unless of course you're doing one liquid meal a day. (That's a good idea occasionally.) Two glasses of water a day are plenty. You get the rest from green vegetables and fresh fruits.

If you're visiting and don't know your hostess well enough to ask for what you want, take what you get and make the most of it.

I know the popular notion is that a diet is something not fit to eat. At least, that's what Pop thinks, and raises Cain every time he hears the word. I don't blame him, either, if you're the type of woman that is always harping on the subject and telling him what a martyr you are. Be smart, you wives. Go about your business of sensible eating without talking about it. Pop wants you to have a healthy, strong, and alluring body—there's no mistake about that—but he's interested only in the final result, not the process.

Here is a general reducing menu that'll take off those extra pounds and keep you healthy and civil at the same time. Stick to it, and with a few of my scientific exercises you'll be less hippy, and that'll make Pop more happy.

For breakfast take the juice of half a lemon in a glass of water. A dish of fresh berries (very little sugar and no cream). Two slices of whole-wheat toast, thinly buttered, and a cup of coffee—clear.

In the middle of the morning, if you get hungry, have a glass of orange juice or tomato juice.

For lunch, a large portion of coleslaw or a fresh green salad. I've already cautioned you about dressings.

With this you can have a couple of rye wafers and a little cream cheese. Cup custard for dessert or any fresh fruit, except bananas. Small glass of iced tea with lemon.

If you desire, around four o'clock in the afternoon



Beware of the freedom of a bathing suit

a Perfect Figure if You Start Now

Common-Sense Guide to Your Goal, from
the Stars of Hollywood Worth Looking At

SYLVIA



H. Armstrong Roberts photo

—overeating might be the tragic result.

of the year. Take advantage of it. You can serve two at dinner. Cook them until just tender and in as little water as possible. Fresh asparagus (no hollandaise or butter for you), peas, string beans, beet tops, mustard greens, or Brussels sprouts. You can have corn on the cob occasionally. But when you do, eat no other vegetable and skip the potatoes. And don't try to do away with half a dozen ears at one sitting. One is all you get! No melted butter, please, but put it on cold and with a light hand. And, before I forget it, no thick gravies or rich sauces. For dessert you can have half a grapefruit, fruit gelatin, sherbet, or fresh berries. Iced tea or coffee; hot if you prefer.

You can get plenty of exercise this summer—and must. But be sure it's the right kind. Exercising to reduce means more than just activity. You can huff and puff and blow your way through any number of contortions and never get anywhere. Let the boy friend do the hand stands, back flips, and outswim Johnny Weissmuller. You stick to the more corrective exercises, otherwise you'll come back to town a female Schmeling. Bulging muscles on Popeye the Sailor are funny, but on a woman they're funnier, especially in an evening gown.

Swimming, tennis, golf, and such are swell sports. Grand for your general health and circulation; but what overindulgence in them will do to a feminine muscle is nobody's business. Swimming, for instance, is fatal for the upper arms, hips, and thighs. And if you're already

you can treat yourself to a dish of sherbet or a piece of iced melon. If you'd rather have something to drink, make it buttermilk or fresh fruit juice.

For dinner, start off with plenty of celery. Eat the leaves too. If you can eat scallions without discomfort to yourself or others, have a few. Jellied consommé is very refreshing. If you can't get it, never mind. I'm just putting it in for good measure. A quarter of a head of lettuce, endive or watercress, and tomato salad.

In summer you don't need so much meat, but you can have it. Any kind except pork. A couple of slices if it's roasted. A small piece if it's broiled. And little or none if it's fried. Half a broiled chicken or fish. Vegetables are plentiful at this time

Dancing is the finest thing you can do to keep your body supple and graceful.



full-chested, beware. All this doesn't mean you can't have fun in the water. Go ahead. Just remember these little tips: When you're swimming, try to use as little leg movement as possible. Forget the heavy crawling strokes and don't try to break any endurance records. If you're swimming where there are no breakers, you can turn over on your back and float. Stiffen the body from the waistline down. Stretch the arms out horizontally and paddle with the hands, using a quick wrist movement.

A word about bicycling. It's O. K. if you take it easy and ride along on level ground or scoot downhill. It's the upgrade that gets you, and right smack in the upper thighs and the calves.

And another thing: Don't go leaping up the side of a mountain with the idea that you're solving your figure problem. In the first place, if you're overweight your heart cannot stand such violent antics and, furthermore, steep mountain climbing is a sure leg-developer. A good brisk walk or, better still, a quick sprint will do wonders for you.

But if you really want to get rid of those heavy hips, do this: Stand with feet apart, toes slightly turned in. Raise arms above the head. Stretch. And I mean *stretch*, as if you're trying to touch something just a little beyond your reach. Now bend the body slowly to the left, keeping the knees stiff. As you continue to bend down, twist the upper body from the waistline. Keep the lower body facing forward and do not move the position of the feet. The idea is to stretch and go down until you can touch the back of the left heel with the fingertips of the right hand. Now repeat on the right side.

Do this exercise at least five times on each side every morning when you get up. You most likely will be a little sore the first couple of days. Never mind. It's natural and it's good for you. You're using muscles that probably haven't been stretched for ages. They're rusty and clogged with fat. Cheer up, it will pass.

Make it your business to get in plenty of dancing every day. It's the finest thing you can do to keep your body supple and graceful. If you're not going out and haven't a partner, dance by yourself. Arms over head. Sway and swing the body from side to side as you dance around to the rhythm of a snappy fox trot. Don't be afraid to raise your derrière and get your body in the air. Sounds silly, I suppose. But when you start taking piano lessons the simple little finger exercises seem silly too. But they have to be done.

If you'll dust the cobwebs off the old will power and do these few simple things, I'll guarantee you a new figure and new health.

It's a big order, gals, but I've seen it done many, many times. Now it's up to you.

THE END

HE GOT A BREAK

Liberty's Short Short

by WALTER D. SHACKLETON

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

PETER ANDREWS bent his length over a New York Evening Globe on the scarred desk of his hotel room. His vest hung unbuttoned and his battered hat was still slanted over his forehead. Now he pushed the hat back on his head, fished a cigarette and a tab of matches from a vest pocket, lit up, and funneled the smoke down at the front page lying before him.

"By Peter Andrews," he read, and laughed. Aloud he said: "Ten years of newspapering in every corner of this crooked world—and do I get a raise? No! All I get is a by-line—a lousy by-line!"

He scaled the paper off the desk and kicked it across the floor.

Then he stalked into the bathroom and tilted a gin bottle over one of the heavy chipped tumblers. The hell with the job—he was glad he had quit! He'd been on his uppers before. He'd get a break, and before long too.

The telephone rang and Peter ambled back into the room to scowl at it. It rang again, insistently, so he picked up the receiver.

"Hello," he rasped.

The answering voice jumped Peter Andrews's heart-beat.

"Well, well," he said softly. "So it's you. . . . Sure! Come right up."

Peter slapped the receiver back on the hook and smiled. Here was one break—of a sort—already.

Jeb—good old Jeb! They'd left the small home town together to take a crack at New York, the big time. But Jeb had soon got fed up and decided to go back home. Their last night together they had thrown a farewell party, just the two of them, two young fellows on what they thought was a tear. Next morning Jeb was gone—and with him the last of Peter Andrews's money. Two hundred dollars he'd cached in the bottom of his tobacco humidor. And Jeb had been the only one who knew he had that money, and where it was.

Peter looked at the bureau and smiled again. There was the humidor—the same old humidor. Ten years he'd carried that with him all over the world, just for remembrance!

Peter nodded his head slowly. This was going to be good. So Jeb thought he had forgotten!

When the knock came at the door, Peter removed his hat and dropped it on the desk.

"Come in!" he called.

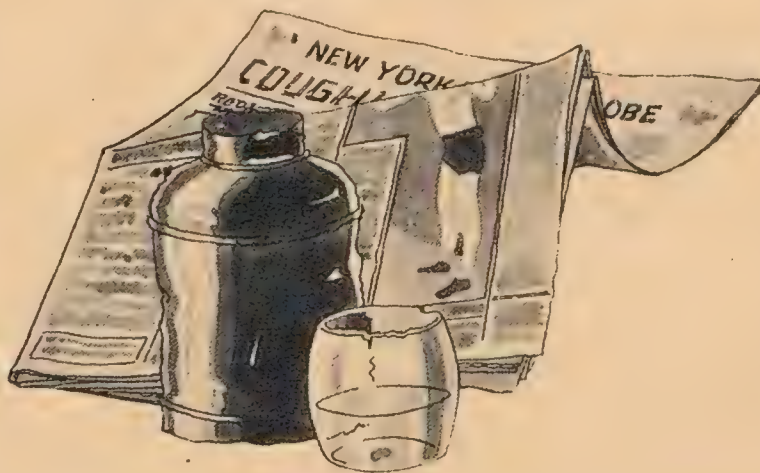
Jeb opened the door and stood there, diffident, half smiling. Peter noted that the years had been easy on him—very easy. He was round of face and figure, not too plump, just contented and well fed. He glowed with the scrubbed and polished pinkness of a prosperous business man.

When Peter made no move, Jeb came forward slowly, extending his hand. He laughed nervously. "Seems—well—a little different than I thought it might be, Pete, meeting again like this."

"Bound to be a little strange after ten years." Peter barely pressed Jeb's hand. "Sit down and I'll pour a drink."

Jeb brightened. "Guess maybe that would help."

Peter nodded and went into the bathroom. He came back with glasses and bottles and sat down on the



edge of the bed, facing Jeb.

"Yes, it certainly is odd," Jeb was saying. "Here after ten years I find you. I'd just about given up, Pete. Year after year, regularly, I've been coming to New York looking for you. And this time I just happened to see your name on a story. I called the newspaper, so—" He waved an expressive hand. He was silent a moment, his gaze wandering over the worn furnishings of the room. "Things—er—pretty good?"

Peter swirled the liquor in his glass. He wished Jeb would get on to what he might have to say, but he kept his voice even: "Oh, I'm doing all right. Travel a lot, you know, in this newspaper business. When you left I took a tramp to London. On the Telegraph there. Then Paris, Berlin, Moscow, the Orient. Back two months in New York." He sipped his drink. "You seem to have done all right for yourself back home."

"Done right well," Jeb said with evident pride, brightening again. He shifted his position, cleared his throat. "And that's why I'm here, Pete." He paused and looked down into his glass.

Peter suddenly found action imperative. He wanted to get it over with in a hurry. Bitterness surged through him, pointed by what he realized was nostalgia—to be in Jeb's place, home among his own people, friends he had not seen for years.

WELL, he'd take the situation into his own hands. He rose and turned to the bureau, picked up the old humidor. As he turned back again, Jeb held up his glass. "This reminds me of the night I left for home, Pete." He chuckled. "Quite a party, as I recall it."

"Vague in my mind, Jeb," replied Peter carefully. He handed the humidor to Jeb. "Remember this?" he asked.

Jeb bent over the humidor. "Well, I'm blessed!" he exclaimed. "You've kept this old baccy jar all these years! Remember? Why, say, Pete, this is where you kept that two hundred dollars, and I—"

He twisted at the bottom of the humidor and it came off into his hands.

Peter's eyes narrowed as Jeb looked down into the space—the space that had held his two hundred dollars.

"I sure hated to take the last of your money, Pete," Jeb continued, "because you were tight."

Peter clenched a fist.

Jeb put down the humidor and reached into his inside coat pocket. He pulled out a thick wallet. The blood throbbed in Peter's temples as Jeb stripped out two hundred-dollar bills and extended them to him.

So he thought he could get away with paying him back the two hundred!

Just one good belt at him! His grasp tightened on the bottle. He turned around.

Jeb was grinning at him. "But you insisted I take the money," he said, "and put it with two hundred I was to raise. So I took it. And the short of it is, here's your capital back, and you're half-owner in the best county newspaper in Ohio, to boot. . . . Say, Pete, guess I've startled you! You're white as a sheet! Pour yourself a drink."

THE END

Mr. Dunkle's DIARY

Dilemmas and a Dog . . . Seven New Days
of High Lights in the Life of a Humble Man

by NORMAN ANTHONY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

MONDAY: Awake to find an enormous hairy animal sitting atop my chest and staring intently at my face and it did so unnerve me that I did leap from bed, inadvertently falling into my wife's harp which she is learning to play in ten lessons.

My wife come to ascertain the cause of all the excitement, and I did inquire as to what manner of wild beast it was. She did inform me that it was a St. Bernard pup, a present from her Uncle Otto in Germany, and would I kindly get the hell up and take it out for an airing.

So up and out for a walk, but the St. Bernard's tremendous boundings and leapings did so exhaust me that I was forced to stop in at a publick for resuscitation.

Then home with the faithful assistance of my four-footed friend, and when my dear wife did inquire as to why the bottle of whisky was strapped to the dog's chest, I did inform her it was in case I got lost in a blizzard.

TUESDAY: Awake to find my poor wife in a great state of excitement because the St. Bernard had knocked over the goldfish bowl, the bridge lamp, the electric toaster, and the bust of her dear mother, and she did declare that if the dog was to stay he would have to be kept in a kennel on the roof. I did remark to my wife that with the pup's penchant for overthrowing things we ought to christen him Red.

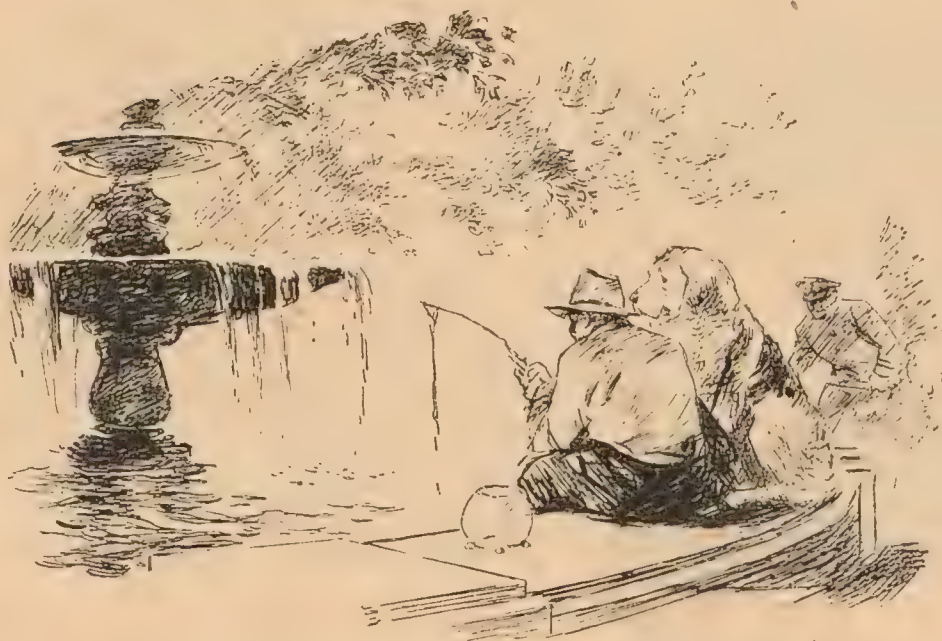
So to the basement with a flask of liquor to visit Mr. O'Toole the janitor, and when I did inform him that I wished to erect a doghouse on the roof he straightway offered me a plentiful supply of lumber and tools and did have his son Michael carry them up in the elevator.

So to the roof where I did construct a kennel of no mean proportions. But upon its completion I did discover to my chagrin that I was inside of it and had neglected to make the dog's entrance large enough for me to exit.

My wife, upon seeing me peering out from the kennel, did cry out that at last I had found my proper niche. But I did beseech her to summon Mr. O'Toole, and he did enlarge the aperture, enabling me to crawl out.

So to bed, having put Red in his doghouse. But he did set up such a howling that in order to quiet him I was compelled to return to the roof, and every time I would leave he would howl anew, until in desperation I said, "Move over!" and did crawl in beside him.

WEDNESDAY: Up and at my dear wife's request to a pet shop to purchase a new goldfish bowl, where I did overhear a lady telling the proprietor that she was looking for a dog with a head sort of like a Scottie's, a long neck, and



Using my suspenders as a line I was enjoying myself when Officer Mulcahey did chance by.

a body something like a dachshund's, and when she did inquire if he kept such animals he did shake his head sadly and reply, "No, ma'am, we drowns 'em."

So with the new bowl to a publick where I did proceed to down several brimming bowls.

So home, and upon passing a fountain did conceive the idea of surprising my dear wife with the bowl full of new fish, so using my suspenders as a line I was enjoying myself when Officer Mulcahey did chance by and inform me with truculence that there

were no fish in the place, whereupon I did give him a mighty push into the water and did cry, "Shure an' now there's a carp in it!" So to the station house.

THURSDAY: Up, my wife asking me if I wouldn't enjoy a nice cold bottle of beer and so, shaking my head as slowly as possible, back to bed.

FRIDAY: Up betimes, and out with Red and did come upon a temperance lecturer and I did watch as he pointed to two glasses, one of which was filled with water and the other with whisky, and he did take an angleworm and placing it in one glass, say, "See how this worm vibrates with life and energy in the glass of water! I now place the worm in the whisky. See how it dies in agony! My friends, what moral do you get from this?" And I did retort, "If you don't want worms, drink whisky!"

SATURDAY: Out to a publick where I did watch a man who could squeeze a lemon so dry no one else could get a tiny drop out of it. And then a newcomer did take the dry rind in one hand, and squeeze nearly a glassful of juice from it. And when I did ask who the man was they did inform me that he was an income-tax collector.

SUNDAY: Out for a walk with Red and met the saddest man I have seen in many a day. He did inform me he had married a widow with a grown-up daughter and that his father had married the daughter which made his stepdaughter his stepmother and his father his stepson, and he did go on to say that his stepmother went and had a son which made the son his brother and, being the son of his wife's stepdaughter, also his grandson, which wouldn't have been so bad if his wife hadn't given birth to a son which made his son his father's nephew and this made him his own grandfather, and he did cry into his drink, "I can't stand it!"

Further adventures of Mr. Dunkle will be published in an early issue.

DEATH AT THE LILY POND

THE STRANGEST CRIME LOS ANGELES EVER KNEW

READING TIME
33 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

The lily pond. Beside it Mary Busch James was found lying dead.

EDITOR'S NOTE: With Secrets of New York's Homicide Squad, Liberty's sensationally successful series of real-life crime stories, scarcely concluded and still fresh in mind everywhere, here comes an even more astonishing account of a piece of present-day detective work, written with his own hands by the detective who broke the case—since he happens to be also a trained and experienced playwright and motion-picture maker.

His story of Los Angeles's all but unbelievable "rattlesnake murder" proves abundantly that brilliant criminal investigation by local agents is neither a thing of the past nor a monopoly of the nation's eastern seaboard. Though modest to a fault where the author himself is concerned, it will leave few readers in any doubt as to whether District Attorney Buron Fitts of Los Angeles County, when he resolved to build up a "G-man staff" of his own, was well inspired in choosing Mr. Littleton to be the foundation of it. Or as to whether other cities—every city in the United States—would profit by following this example and putting men like Mr. Littleton to work on their crime problems.

IN the investigation of the murder of Mary Busch James at her home in La Canada, California, a year ago, there was a definite set of facts and characters to begin with, but using orthodox methods you could only go so far with them before you ran up against a stone wall.

All the circumstances smelled rankly of murder, but the Los Angeles sheriff's office couldn't get enough on the suspect even to hold him, and ultimately a coroner's jury decided the thing had been an accident.

The James case still smelled pretty bad when we re-

opened it last March. By "we" I mean District Attorney Buron Fitts of Los Angeles County and his staff, to which I belong. Investigators Winn, Yarrow, Southard, and I had our feet on a table discussing the case one afternoon when Chief Clyde Plummer of the Bureau of Investigation called us into his office.

"Take a look at that," he said, shoving a typewritten letter across his desk. "There's no name signed to it, but my guess is that it's from the same anonymous girl friend of James who wrote that other letter. Let's get out the James file."

The "other letter" was in the file, as well as the report of Deputy Sheriffs Killian and Grey, who had conducted the original investigation. They said, in substance, that at eight thirty in the evening of August 5, 1935, they had answered a call to La Canada, about fifteen miles from Los Angeles, to look into the apparent death by accidental drowning of a Mrs. Mary James. Arriving, they had found young, blonde Mrs. James's body, clad in red

pajamas, lying by a lily pond at the west side of her home, with her husband Robert James and two friends—Viola Lueck and James Pemberton—present.

James's story was that he and the two others had come home from the city at about eight fifteen and had found his wife's body lying face down in the lily pond, and she had apparently been there some time. On the dining-room table they had found a letter, scrawled and unsigned, in her handwriting to her sister in Las Vegas, Nevada. The letter said that she hadn't been feeling well and that "something had bitten her" while she had been watering the flowers. James said his wife had been pregnant—about two months along—and subject to fainting

The Astonishing Inside Story of the
Snake Man's Wife Murder—By One of
the Detectives Who "Broke" the Case:

SCOTT LITTLETON

Staff Investigator for the District Attorney of Los Angeles County

Right: Mary Busch James.
Was her death accidental?
If not, who murdered her?



Left, and below: Mary's
scrawl telling her sister
that "something bit me."

Dear Sis
Just a line
this morning
to let you know
I am pretty sick
my leg is all
swollen, some-
thing bit me
while watering
flowers

early to get
the garden
I had me & Ruth
lunch, this would be soon all
but Monday, but you know
will be home

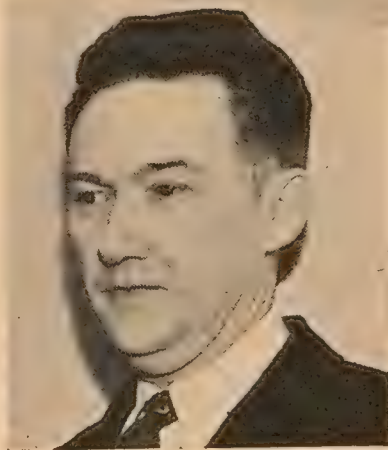
fits. As for the insect
bite or whatever it
was she referred to
in her letter, he said
it was news to him.

Further question-
ing by Killian and
Grey had brought
out the information
that James, a man of
forty, slim, reddish-
haired, green-eyed,
and good-looking in
a deadpan way, was
proprietor of a pros-
perous barber and
beauty shop in down-
town Los Angeles.
Mary Busch had been his
chief beauty operator and
they had been married but
three months. She was in-
sured in his favor, he told
them, for \$10,700 double
indemnity, which meant he
stood to collect \$21,400 on
her death.

She was his fifth wife, he
said, and he volunteered that
her predecessor, Winona
Wallace James, had died as
a result of drowning in a
bathtub in Manitou, Colo-
rado, about a year previous-
ly, and that he had collected
\$15,000 in insurance on her.



Charles "Chuck" Hope, who told a nightmarish story,
and (at right) the green-eyed barber, Robert James.



"You'll find it
out anyhow,
boys," he had
told the officers,
"so I might as
well tell you now.
But I had no
more to do with
killing those two
poor girls than
you did. I've al-
ways had hard
luck with my
wives."

The deputies would have
held him for further investi-
gation except for one thing.
A Dr. Dinsley, retired Brit-
ish army surgeon who lived
near the James place, said
that at nine thirty in the
morning of August 5 he had
been in his back yard and
was positive he had seen a
woman he had always taken
to be Mrs. James, working
around a chicken house at
the rear of the James place.
Moreover, the tall blonde he
had seen had been wearing
bright red pajamas. A

check of the barbers and beauty operators in James's
shop showed that James had arrived there about nine in
the morning and except for half an hour at noon had
been in the shop all day.

The autopsy surgeon said drowning was the cause of
death, with an acute cellulitis of the left foot as a con-
tributory factor. Puncture lacerations as of some kind
of insect bite were under the left big toe, and the condi-
tion was at least forty-eight hours old. Also, on the back
of the neck were bruises. But there was no getting
around Dr. Dinsley's testimony that he had seen Mary
James at nine thirty Monday morning, so the verdict of
the coroner's jury was death by accidental drowning, and
that was that.

But that isn't always that in this detective business,
especially when it comes to murder. To begin with, there
was James's incredible statement that he hadn't known
about the bite—in the face of the autopsy surgeon's state-
ment as to its age. Then there were those bruises on the



The bungalow where James lived with his niece. Next door
is the one from which investigators listened in on them.

back of the girl's neck, which might well have been caused by a hand holding her head under water. There was the unsigned letter to her sister, a scrawl so different from her usual precise script. Could she have been forced to write that letter? Then there was the death of James's previous wife Winona. A check with the Colorado authorities revealed that she had been recuperating from an automobile accident when the bathtub drowning had occurred. She and James had been on their honeymoon and had been driving up Pike's Peak. Suddenly the steering gear had gone wrong and the car had hurtled down the mountainside with Winona in it, *he having jumped clear*.

Finally, on the afternoon of Sunday, August 4—the day preceding Mary's death—Mrs. Ethel Smith, a niece of James, said that she and her husband had gone out to La Canada to call on her uncle. She had found nobody home, the front door locked, and the back screen door hooked *from the inside*. James's story had been that he had taken Mary for an automobile ride Sunday afternoon, and that when they returned they had entered the house through the back door. How could they have, if the screen door had been hooked inside?

But, with the coroner's verdict, there was nothing more the sheriff's office could do until, several months later, a letter was turned over to the D. A.'s office by the insurance company with which Mary James had been insured. It was anonymous and handwritten, but you could tell that both it and the typewritten letter Captain Plummer had just received were from the same party.

In substance, this first letter said that its writer had accompanied James to the near-by beach town of Hermosa about a week after Mary's death. There they had spent the night at a certain hotel, where they had registered as "Joseph Wright and wife" of San Francisco. The writer said she had signed the register because James had been too drunk to do so. During the night he had told her the circumstances of his wife's death and had offered her \$2,000—to be paid out of the insurance—if she would testify for him "in case he should ever be indicted for his wife's murder." She was to testify that at ten thirty in the morning of August 5 she had dropped in on Mary James in La Canada and had found her alive and in reasonably good health. She was to testify that she knew Mary well, having met her several months previously. James, the writer said, was guilty as hell of the murder of his wife and should be brought to justice.

ORDINARILY we pay little attention to anonymous letters. But Winn and Yarrow had run this one down, and had found such a hotel registration. Unfortunately the hotel night clerk had no recollection of the parties. The handwriting of the signature on the hotel register was unquestionably that of the anonymous letter writer, however.

Questioned about the Hermosa trip, James had just laughed at the investigators. "When are you guys going to lay off me?" he had demanded. He'd never even been in Hermosa Beach, he said, let alone staying overnight with any jane there. Did they think he didn't have any respect for a wife's memory, to do such a thing a week after she'd died?

So that, it appeared, had been that again.

But now this new typewritten letter had turned up. And in it were statements which showed the writer must know all the facts unearthed by Killian and Grey. Statements which showed she was familiar with the La Canada place, indoors and out. Statements which could not possibly be based on a mere reading of newspapers. At the proper time, she said, she might reveal herself; meanwhile, if James got the slightest idea she was ratting on him, her life wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel.

District Attorney Fitts decided quietly to reopen the case. James was in the news again, anyhow; his suit against the insurance company to collect his wife's insurance was just starting in one of the federal courts, and

some woman was haling him into Municipal Court on an assault-and-battery charge. James had no compunctions about socking women, it seemed. Our anonymous informant wrote that she was still sore from his maltreatment of her in the Hermosa Beach hotel.

The district attorney assigned Deputy District Attorney Eugene Williams, Investigator Jack Southard, and me to devote all our time to the case. We concluded that the first thing to do was smoke out the writer of the letters. This was easier said than done, but a way that *might* work would be to set up a dictograph in the place where James lived, and to tap his telephone there as well as the telephone in his barbershop. Then the newspapers would print a phony story about a "mystery woman" being interviewed by the D. A.'s office in connection with a week-end she was alleged to have spent with James at a "near-by beach resort." Our theory was that James would immediately try to get in touch with the woman, and thereby lead us to her.

Captain Earl Kynette of the Police Department furnished us with the last word in dictographic and wire-tapping equipment and, with his assistant Lieutenant Richard Morgan, agreed to help us install and operate it. The newspaper boys got together on the phony story they were going to run when we gave the word, and on April 1 we were all ready to shoot.

LUCK was with us. Right next door to the bungalow in which James was living with his other niece, Lois Wright, on La Salle Street, we were able to rent a bungalow for ourselves. And the owner proved to be a first-class citizen who was ready to co-operate with us to the limit—and keep her mouth shut.

I'll never get over how easy it is to burglarize a house in broad daylight in the midst of a solidly built-up residence district. We put on overalls and gloves, began checking the telephone and electric lines leading into James's house, and had drifted inside it before you could say your prayers. We had a man downtown, of course, covering the barbershop for any sign of leaving on the part of James or Lois, who worked for him as a manicurist.

There was always the chance that some one connected with James might surprise us—but that was a chance we had to take. The hell of it was we would have no comeback. We had no legal right in his house. But nothing like that happened, and an hour's fast work found the telephone line tapped and two microphones hidden, one in his dining room, the other near the head of his bed. A test showed that the slightest whisper could be heard on our receiving set next door. Meanwhile the line into the barbershop downtown was tapped.

Six o'clock that evening saw us waiting for James to come home. Our plan was to listen to him for a few days before releasing the phony story. His suit against the insurance company had just ended the day before; it was highly probable he would discuss it with Lois Wright. Besides, we had rented our bungalow for a month and saw no great reason to hurry. For the effect on the neighbors, we had ordered milk and newspapers delivered daily. Investigators Dorothy Adams and Marjorie Fairchild had joined us to handle the shorthand reporting and to give our "household" a truly domestic air.

At about eight James came from his shop, not with his niece Lois but with another woman. And there began for us the damndest dictograph stake-out I, for one, have ever had anything to do with. I thought I'd heard about everything in the line of sex that could come over a wire, but this was in a class by itself. The man was tireless, and perverted and sadistic to boot. For two weeks we listened, night after night, usually until about two or three in the morning, when he would send his current woman home and go to sleep. As for us, Investigators Adams and Fairchild had a comfortable bed in the front bedroom; the rest of us just wrapped up in blankets and flopped where we could, one of us always with a set of earphones on.



SCOTT LITTLETON is shown as he looked after days and sleepless nights of continuous investigation of the "snake death." He began his career as a promising playwright, having studied in the Baker class at Yale. He served during the war in naval aviation as an ensign. Later, "second in command" of Pathé Studios, he decided he didn't know life in general, and he became an amateur detective—with such results as appear in this article by him!

About the only times we'd hear James talking to his niece Lois would be in the mornings as she got breakfast. She had a boy friend who kept her out late every night while James entertained at home. We could hear the most intimate details of these affairs, and it is a tribute to the game-ness and cool common sense of Investigator Dorothy Adams that she reported them verbatim. Very quickly we realized that everything that was said next door would have to be reported verbatim. Not content with their respective nightly affairs, James and his niece were indulging in incest—a felony in California and, I think, in every state in the Union.

Here, of course, was something we hadn't expected. But it was the biggest kind of a break for us, as District Attorney Fitts pointed out. For now we could take James out of circulation and keep him out of it for a long time; the California courts are tough on sex crimes like incest. And with James safely out of the way it was likely that our anonymous letter writer would reveal herself.

Also, we had heard a little discussion between James and Lois which seemed to us highly significant.

"Whatever became of that man Smith?" Lois had asked.

"What Smith?" he answered.

"I forget his first name. The one auntie said gave her the creeps."

"Oh, that guy I had build me the chicken coops."

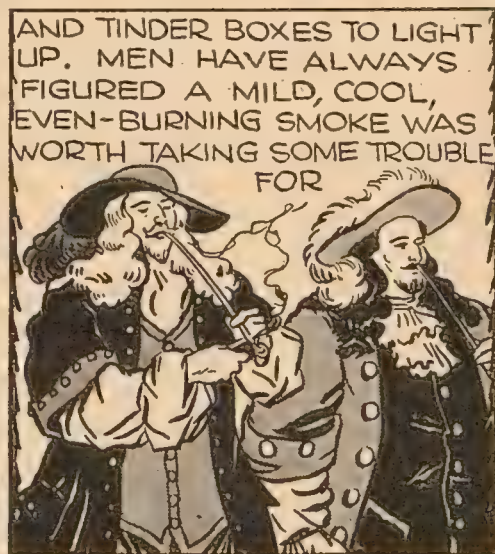
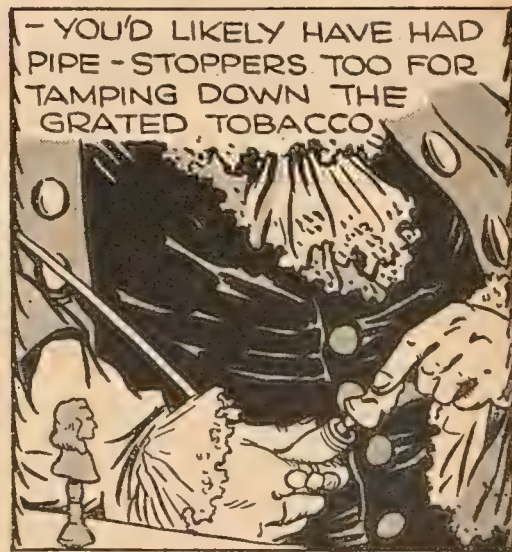
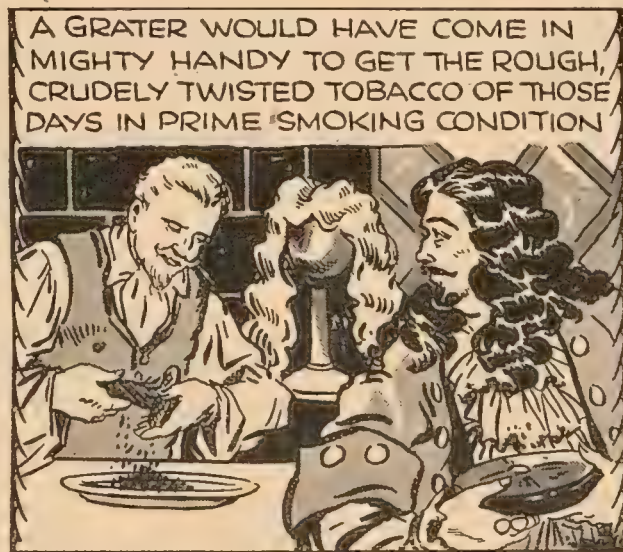
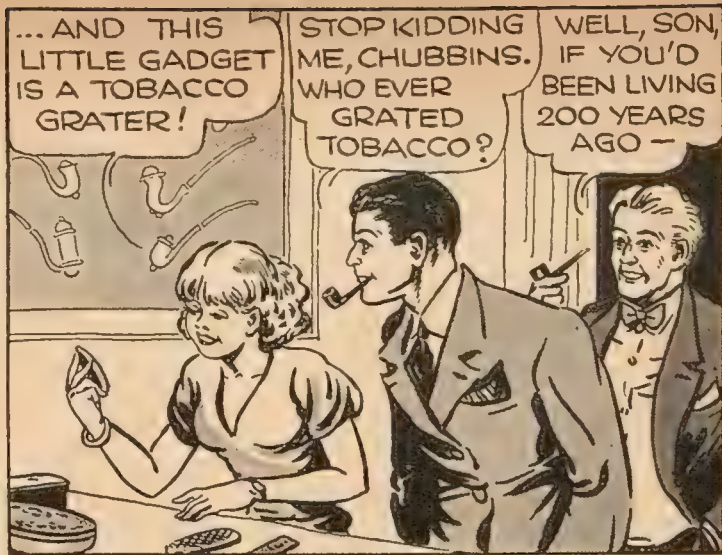
"Yes. Mary didn't like him, either."

"Didn't she? He wasn't such a bad guy," James had commented. Then they had changed the subject.

EVIDENTLY Smith was an acquaintance of James who had done work on the La Canada place and who for some reason had been displeasing to both Mary James and another aunt of Lois who must have been out there before Mary died. Now, who was that other aunt and who was Smith? There was an obvious way to find out—through Lois. If we arrested James for incest we'd have to arrest her too. She could save herself from the penitentiary only by turning state's witness against her uncle and by telling us every last thing she knew about him. She would turn state's witness, all right; they always do.

So we went into a final huddle and decided to raid our neighbors and arrest them the next time they gave grounds for it. We burglarized their house during their absence and made everything ready for a silent entrance, greasing the grooves of the front bedroom window, loosening the window screen, and so jamming the window catch that it could not be locked from the inside.

Ten o'clock in the morning of Sunday, April 19, proved to be the zero hour. Reinforced by Investigators Dean, Griffen, and Davis, we went immediately into action. I've seen blank, stunned astonishment on lots of faces, but the expression of thunderstruck surprise on the faces of that couple

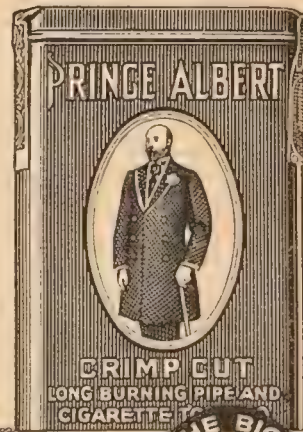


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was unique. They must have figured some sort of act of God had hit them.

We put them under arrest, and then, while Investigator Adams sat with her earphones on next door and took down everything that was said, we questioned them. James admitted the girl was his niece and she admitted he was her uncle. They went on from there, however, with some plain and fancy lying—little dreaming of the gadgets that had been picking up and recording every word they'd said and every noise they'd made for weeks. When we finally showed them the microphones, they didn't have a word to say. How could they?

Under Deputy District Attorney Williams's questioning the girl broke first, admitting having had such relations with her uncle ever since he had brought her from Alaska some two years previously. Later, James himself wearily confessed. The girl agreed to turn state's evidence and several days later we had no difficulty obtaining a grand jury indictment against him for incest.

Meanwhile we went around and around with him about the death of his wife. For nearly sixty hours we kept him awake, taking turns questioning him. But we got nowhere, and you could see he knew damned well we had nothing incriminating on him. You could see him laughing at us with those cold green eyes of his.

"You're just barking up the wrong tree on *that*, boys," he insisted. "You've got me on the incest, but I no more killed that girl than one of you did."

He laughed at us when we questioned him again about the Hermosa Beach week end.

"That's out too," he said. "If I killed Mary, would I be fool enough to go around telling people about it?"

Having done everything we could with him for the time being, we turned our attention back to Lois. Who was this creepy "Smith" she had mentioned? All she knew was that she had met him out at the La Canada place where he had been staying with her Uncle Bob while building some chicken coops for him. Neither Mary nor her aunt, a Mrs. Murphy of Birmingham, Alabama, had had much use for him, Lois said. Why this was she didn't know. She couldn't think of his first name—she'd only met him once out there—but remembered that after Mary's death he used to come to the barbershop for long whispered conferences with her uncle. He had told her he was a floor finisher by trade.

WE got in touch with the Birmingham authorities, and they interviewed Mrs. Murphy. She told them she had visited James in La Canada during the summer of 1935, ending her visit not over a week or so before Mary's death. She remembered the man "Smith." His first name, she recalled, had been "Chuck." He had been introduced to her by James, she said, as a medical student, and had given her the creeps with his talk of snakes, and the effects of snake venom—

Snakes!

I remember how the same thought hit us simultaneously. Those punctures the autopsy surgeon had found under Mary James's toe—two little punctures, side by side. A snake's fangs—a rattler's—made punctures like that. One had bitten her. Some one had made it bite her. Either James or some one in cahoots with James. Maybe the two of them working together, with the idea of splitting the insurance money. It would have to be some one James had taken in with him to procure the snake; cagily, James would foresee the newspaper publicity and would realize his picture might be recognized. Where would such a person procure a snake? From snake dealers or exhibitors. There were several of these around Los Angeles and they could be checked.

James and this "Smith" had tried to kill Mary with a snake. They hadn't succeeded—curiously enough, pregnant women seldom if ever die from rattlesnake bite. So they had drowned her by holding her head under water in the fish pond. Or, rather, "Smith" had done this, to give James the opportunity of providing himself with an alibi.

With a whoop, we were off to the races.

Autopsy surgeon Wagner said the punctures could very well have been made by a rattlesnake. And a barber who once worked for James put us finally in the way of finding

"Smith." Only, that wasn't the man's name, he said. His name was Hope, "Chuck" Hope. Yes, Hope was the man who used to come into the shop and hold whispered powwows with the boss. Yes, he was a floor finisher by trade and had known James a long time. Another thing: Hope had owned a Durant coupé, which he had traded in on a Buick only a month or so previously.

Where Hope lived the barber didn't know; but that last bit of information was all we needed. We got off a teletype to the state registrar of motor vehicles immediately, and an hour later we received a reply. There was such a Buick registered to a Mrs. Charles Hope at a North Normandie Avenue address—an apartment house. Nine chances out of ten, the wife of our man.

We realized we had to go carefully. The arrest of James and his niece had received a big play in the newspapers, and it was clear enough to any one that it was just the first step in the reinvestigation of the lily-pond death. Hope, if implicated, would be suspicious of any approach that had a police smell to it.

Investigator Southard found the Buick in a lot near the apartment house. We staked out on it until a pleasant-looking middle-aged woman appeared, got in it, and drove off. We followed her the rest of the day while she shopped. Our idea, of course, was that she would lead us to our man. But no luck. We staked the apartment all night, and still had none.

THE next day Investigator Southard boldly called on Mrs. Hope and, representing himself to be from the Los Angeles Police Department, told her a Durant coupé owned by her husband had been in an accident. She was astonished.

"My husband doesn't own that car any more. He traded it in for a Buick, which is registered in my name."

"That's funny," said Southard. "Maybe there's some mistake."

She was sure there was, she said.

"Where is your husband?" asked Southard, as casually as possible. "He probably left his old license card in the Durant, and if I could see him—"

"He's just opened up a restaurant down at Hermosa Beach. I'm going down there in a few minutes, and I'll tell him."

"Has he a phone down there?" asked Southard, then breathed easier when she replied that he hadn't. "You don't have to worry about it, Mrs. Hope. Just give me his address and I'll see that he gets his card back."

She gave it—just as easily as that—and a minute later we were streaking for Hermosa Beach. We wanted to be damned sure she didn't get there first and he didn't telephone her before we got there.

We decided to throw the thing right at him—arrest him for Mary James's murder and tell him that James had told us everything about his part in it. Then feel him out on the rattlesnake bite, the drowning and all. Throw it at him generally, of course; we had nothing on Hope. But he didn't know that.

We found him back of the counter in his new little restaurant. He smiled at us and came forward to take our order. But the smile left his face as he heard our first words.

"Your name Hope?"

"Yes."

"Acquainted with a barber in Los Angeles named James?"

"Why—yes."

His eyes now began to flicker nervously from one to the other of us. We flashed our badges.

"You're under arrest, Hope," said Southard, "for the murder of Mary James. Get your coat."

"My God!" he kept saying as we searched him.

I've arrested quite a few people for major felonies. Hope, I could tell, was just made to order for us.

"James certainly puts you in the middle," I said. "He's spilled the works to us, but I'm damned if you look like that kind of a guy."

Would he take the bait? I held my breath.

"I had nothing to do with it," he said, with strong emphasis on the "I."

We had our man!

"You mean *he* did the whole thing?" I asked in a tone of disbelief. "Don't give me that—you were in it right up to your neck with him."

"I wasn't, I tell you! He did it all—"

"Snakes—and everything?" Southard ventured.

"He told me he wanted them to fight. He told me he was going to have snake fights and invite his friends—"

"So James *is* telling us the truth when he says you got them for him?"

"Yes," he said, "I got them for him. But I didn't know what he was going to use them for. He had me hypnotized, I tell you!"

"He had you cut in on the insurance," Southard said. "Don't try to kid us. We've got the whole story."

"I'm not! So help me God, all I did was help carry her out after she was dead. He made me do it, so help me!"

"You didn't have a thing to do with drowning her?"

"Not a thing. *He* did that. I swear to you he did!"

A confession? Of course it was. A partial one, anyhow. The thing was to get him back to town, go to work on him, and get it all down in black and white before the newspaper storm broke. On the way we tried to get over to him the idea that the more he talked the better his chances would be of escaping the rope. By the time we reached the Hall of Justice he said he was all set to shoot the works with us.

WE bought him a meal, then joined District Attorney Fitts, Deputy District Attorney Williams, and Chief Plummer. Assistant Chief Griffen and a stenographer were there and we got right down to business. At three o'clock the following morning we had dug out of Chuck Hope, ex-sailor and floor finisher, a story that Poe might have imagined. His wife corroborated most of it. But there were still things that were impossible to believe. So we put him in jail in Glendale for the rest of the night.

In the morning, Captain Plummer, Southard, and I took him on. The first thing we did was take him out to the La Canada place and make him reenact his part of the crime. Bit by bit, as he went through motions he couldn't possibly have made, we could see him getting ready to break. At last, in response to Captain Plummer's persuasion, he said, "O. K., boys—I'll lay it on the line. Every last word of it!"

He had known James, he said, for a number of years. In June of 1935 he had gone into James's shop for a haircut. James had asked him if he knew where any rattlesnakes could be bought, explaining that he wanted them for a friend of his who "wanted to kill his wife."

"Did you believe that?" asked Captain Plummer.

"Of course not," said Hope. "I thought he was kidding. But I was broke and almost any kind of a proposition looked good to me."



For Clean-up King I Nominate...

By Lou Gehrig

*New York Yankees' Clean-up Ace Makes
Novel Choice for All-Time Honor*

I DON'T need to tell baseball fans how important the "clean-up" (number-four) man is in the batting line-up. With three reliable hitters batting ahead of him, it is his wallops that bring in the runs.

In my thirteen years of big league baseball I have watched some of the most famous "clean-up" men in the history of the game. But the other day in Boston I had the pleasure of seeing the "clean-up" king that gets my vote for the "all-time" honors. Strangely enough, this "clean-up" king isn't a slugger at all. Instead of cleaning up the bases, this one cleans up faces.

Here's how it happened. While in Boston playing the Red Sox, I made an inspection trip through the Gillette Safety Razor factory. There I discovered that what is true of baseball is also true of Gillette Blades. In baseball, the pick of the raw material is tried out, tested, and trained for the big league teams. At the Gillette factory I found that they buy only the finest steel, and put it through gruelling tests before it is made into Gillette Blades.

For instance, like a rookie baseball player, Gillette Blade steel has to be hardened

and tempered. To do this, Gillette uses electric furnaces, each one controlled by a device which can tell in an instant if the steel passing through the furnaces requires more heat or less heat. Faster than a speed-ball, the signal is flashed from the box to a great battery of switches, and the heat is raised or lowered accordingly. Then to make doubly sure that there is no possibility of error, they X-ray the steel with an electro-magnetic tester to detect hidden flaws.

A good ball player has to have precision and accuracy, too . . . and that's where Gillette chalks up a winning score. Grinding machines, adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch give Gillette Blades shaving edges so keen you can't see them, even with the most powerful microscope.

These are some of the reasons why I nominate the Gillette Blade for all-time Clean-up King. For when it comes to cleaning up on stubborn bristles—with the greatest of ease and comfort—Gillette hits a home run with the bases loaded. Yes, Sir!—if baseball could only train players as accurately and efficiently as Gillette makes razor blades, we'd all bat 1000.

With these important facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

He said James had offered him a hundred dollars to get some "hot" rattlesnakes ("hot" means deadly, in snake-dealer lingo) for this friend. Hope had started looking the snake situation over. In Long Beach he had found a man named Kirby who ran a venomous-reptile exhibit. From Kirby he had bought two rattlers and, just to satisfy his own curiosity as to its venomousness, a black-widow spider. He had paid five fifty for his purchases and, after several days, had delivered the snakes to James, who had told him he would try them out on some rabbits and, if they were satisfactory, would pay Hope the hundred.

As for the spider, Hope said he had shown it to James and had then killed it and thrown it away.

James had next told him, he said, to get a snake box made. With money given him by James he had had a cabinetmaker build it and had delivered it a few days later.

He said he hadn't heard from James again until the latter part of July, when James had taken him out to his La Canada place to build some chicken coops for him. Yes, he had stayed out there several days. Yes, he remembered meeting Lois Wright, as well as James's sister, a Mrs. Murphy. James still had the snakes there, in their box in the garage, and from time to time they would try them out on chickens. James had told him, he said, that he wanted to be sure they were "hot" before delivering them to his friend.

James had finally decided the snakes weren't "hot" enough. He had mentioned a snake exhibit down at Ocean Park, and he and Hope had driven down there the last Sunday in July. On the way James had bought a rabbit to try out their prospective purchases on, but the proprietors of the snake concession had refused to let Hope do this. Under James's instructions, Hope had bought two rattlers anyhow.

A few days later—Saturday, August 3, Hope remembered it was—James had called him down to his barbershop and had told him he would have to dig up some really "hot" snakes. Why not try Snake Joe, the snake wholesaler over in Pasadena? Hope said James had lent him his car and given him six or seven dollars. Accompanied by his wife, Hope had visited Snake Joe, a worthy citizen who, in all innocence, sold him two big rattlers which Joe guaranteed to be "hot." His wife, Hope said, had done her best to dissuade him from having anything to do with James; but—a hundred dollars was a hundred dollars.

COMING back to the city, he said, he had dropped his wife off at their apartment and had gone on downtown to James's barbershop with the snakes. James had seemed delighted at Snake Joe's guaranty and had paid over the long-promised hundred. Happy to be out of the mysterious business, he was starting away when James stopped him with: "Wait a minute. You're not out of this yet."

Hope said that when he turned around and went back to James, it was as if some irresistible force was pulling him. "The man's a hypnotist!" he said. "When I went back he said to me, 'I'm the man you've bought the snakes for. And I'm going to kill my wife with them.'"

Hope said he had just stood there, unable to take his eyes from James's green ones, and thinking how much those eyes looked like the eyes of the snakes he had been buying.

"I'm going to kill her and collect the insurance on her," he said James had told him. "And don't worry—I'll take care of you out of that."

Hope said he had pleaded with James, but James had just laughed at him: "You bought the snakes, you're in it just as deep as I am, and you're going through with it with me!"

By a great effort he had torn himself away from James and gone home. All night he had wrestled with himself. In the morning he had told his wife a great deal, but not all. His wife, he said, had insisted he go out to La Canada and take the snakes away from James immediately. Toward noon she had driven him out to the James place. They had parked their car—the Durant—about a block away. His idea was to borrow James's car for the after-

noon and sneak the rattlers out in it. Mrs. Hope was to wait for him and, if this scheme worked, to follow him home in the Durant.

Hope told us he had found James out in the garage, drunk, teasing the snakes. Gloatingly James had shown him two chickens they had just killed. "They didn't live fifteen minutes after these babies hit 'em!" he had said.

They had had a drink or two on the success of the snakes; then James had said to him, "You're just in time, boy. Pick up that box and follow me."

Hope said he couldn't possibly have disobeyed James, drunk as he was. He had picked up the box of snakes and followed James through the back door into the house.

Inside, Hope had got a shock. On a kitchen table, tied down with clothesline by the arms and legs, with adhesive tape across her mouth and eyes, was Mary James. She was in pajamas, her feet were bare, and she was writhing and moaning.

"I told her this was one way of 'knocking' that kid of hers," James said—according to Hope.

Then, while Hope stood holding the box and powerless to make a move, James had quickly opened its end door hole, grasped his wife's left foot, and plunged it up to the ankle in the box. At least one of the snakes had struck her, Hope said; he had watched through the plate-glass top of the box.

"O. K.," James had then said. "Take 'em back on out to the garage."

HOPE had obeyed and James had followed him, but not before he had a chance to put the box into the car. James had told him he might have the car for the rest of the day, but to be sure and bring it back that night. He had taken a big shot of whisky to steady his nerves, then driven out of the James driveway, to be followed home by his wife. There she had left the Durant and got into the sedan with him.

"She certainly felt better," Hope said, "when I told her I'd gotten the snakes away from James."

Had he told her what else had happened?

"No, I didn't tell her that," he answered.

He and his wife had then driven over to Snake Joe's in Pasadena, where he had sold the snakes back to Joe at a fifty-per-cent discount. They had got rid of the snake box in some open fields not far from Culver City, and then Hope had driven back to town.

There he had gone with his wife to a card party and spent the evening laughing and chatting with some old friends!

These people told us later that he didn't seem to have anything on his mind at all!

About midnight, Hope said, he had taken his wife home and had gone on back out to La Canada with James's sedan, arriving there about one o'clock. James had been still drunk and "lore as hell."

"The ——— girl isn't even sick," he had complained, according to Hope, "and I can't find the snakes anywhere to give her another shot. Did you take 'em?"

Struggling, he said, against meeting his eyes, Hope had assured him he knew nothing about the snakes. They had stayed out there in the garage drinking together until about two thirty, when James had suddenly smashed a bottle and said, "I'm going in and drown her in the tub, by God!"

Hope had gone on drinking by himself in the garage. By that time, he said, he was pretty drunk. There were moments when he knew he ought to do something—run for help, get the police—but before he could get started dizziness would come over him or he'd fall asleep. An hour or so later, he said, James had come back out to the garage and had said, "She's dead!"

James had then gone back into the house. He hadn't appeared again until about six thirty in the morning. Shaking Hope awake, he had said—according to Hope:

"She's been dead since four o'clock, and I've got everything cleaned up. Come help me carry her out and we'll stick her in the fish pond."

Dazedly, he said, he had followed James into the house. The body of Mary lay stretched on the floor of the hallway just off the bathroom. She had on bright red pa-

James. Her hair was wet. He had picked her up by the legs, James by the shoulders, and they had carried her out toward the lily pond. Just before they got to it, Hope said, "something snapped inside me" and he refused to go any further. He went back to the garage for a drink while James put her in the pond in the position in which she was later found.

A few moments later, Hope said, James appeared carrying a bucket full of wet towels and pajamas, also three wet bed blankets. He told Hope he could have the blankets if he would get rid of the bucket and its contents. They had then got into the sedan and started out of the place. At about seven o'clock James had dropped Hope at his apartment, with the bucket and blankets. He said James had warned him, "If you spill a word of this to anybody, I'll get *your* wife!"

During the ride downtown from La Canada, he said, James had told him that he had "gotten Mary ready for action" by filling her full of liquor and luminol. He also told him he had forced her to write a letter to her sister in Las Vegas, the contents of which would help clear him. This he had left on the dining-room table.

"I'll be suspected, all right," Hope quoted him as saying. "But I'm just too ——— smart for the ———s."

Hope put the bucket in his car and took the blankets to his apartment. There, he said, he told his wife everything that had happened, swearing to her that he had been "hypnotized" by James and hadn't had a thing to do with the killing. They talked it over and decided that appearances were so against him that the best thing was for him to keep his mouth shut. Later in the day he emptied the bucket into an incinerator and took the blankets to a laundry.

Such was the story Chuck Hope told us. "I know it sounds screwy," he said, "but you can check every word."

Which we did. And when we finished *we were convinced he was telling us the truth*. Except that we could not find the snake box, every detail checked out to a T. Snake Joe had the very snakes Hope had resold to him, and recalled the transaction perfectly.

THE thing we had to do now was get a confession from James. But James knew that, outside of Hope's story, we really had little on him.

Nevertheless we ended by breaking James down. No, we didn't beat or manhandle him. They only do that in fiction, nowadays.

I think the thing that broke him down, almost as much as District Attorney Fitts's masterly interrogation of him, was something we had counted on from the very start. With James safely out of circulation, the writer of those anonymous letters did reveal herself. Her name was Madge Reed, and she told us she would testify in court to everything she had told us in her letters. When we threw this at the barber, he wilted.

The ingredients of the story James finally told the D. A. were practically the same as in Hope's. The intention of killing Mary James for her insurance; the purchase of snakes; the lashing of the girl to the kitchen table; the insertion of her foot into the snake box; the drowning in the bathtub when snake bite failed; the letter left on the dining-room table; the placing of the dead body in the lily pond at an early hour—James told of all these. There was this big difference: he put Hope in as the actual killer. It was Hope who had made the snakes bite Mary, who had lashed her to the kitchen table, who had drowned her in the tub—after James had left for town.

It was a confession, all right, even at that. And we exhumed the body of Mary Busch James. It was pretty badly decomposed, but we could see the fang punctures under her left big toe. The whole left leg was swollen and as red as a beet, and expert toxicologist Dr. Boehme gave it as his positive opinion that she had been bitten by a rattlesnake.

On May 6 both James and Hope were indicted for murder by the Los Angeles County grand jury. Both pleaded not guilty, James adding the plea of "not guilty by reason of insanity." As this is written, he is on trial for incest. He pleaded not guilty to the charge.

On June 22 both men go on trial for their lives.

THE END

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4 Stars—Extraordinary

3 Stars—Excellent

2 Stars—Good

1 Star—Poor

0 Star—Very Poor

★ ★ ½ THE CRIME OF DOCTOR FORBES

THE PLAYERS: Gloria Stuart, Robert Kent, Henry Armetta, J. Edward Bromberg, Sara Haden, Alan Dinehart, Charles Lane, Paul Stanton, De Witt Jennings, Taylor Holmes, Charles Lane. Directed by George Marshall. Screen play by Frances Hyland and Saul Elkins.

THE Twentieth Century-Fox studios, in an attempt to get away from standardized film fare, present The Crime of Doctor Forbes, a sincerely played appraisal of the mooted mercy killings. This unusual theme—Should doctors kill hopelessly doomed patients?—has been treated with quiet intelligence. And as there is no playing up of the more sensational elements certain to appear in a story of this type, the film comes as a worthwhile offering for those who want occasional respite from the boy-meets-girl formula.

Ablly enacted by the good-looking Gloria Stuart, J. Edward Bromberg, Henry Armetta, and Sara Haden, the film builds to the big scene wherein a surgeon, painfully and incurably injured, is put to death by sympathetic doctors.

So that the guilt will be evenly distributed, each of the medicos secretly gives the opiate to the patient. Later they are put on trial for murder. And even though one may not agree with the eventual outcome, The Crime of Doctor Forbes remains both engrossing and, at times, touching.

VITAL STATISTICS: This started as Mercy Killer, but story had to be garbled to fit Will Hays censorship rules. Hollywood theory is that were real mercy killing shown it would inspire world to bump off old aunts with a headache and \$100. . . . Thirty-two-day sched; this cost about \$300,000, being very carefully made at Western Avenue Branch Grade-B film dairy farms of Twentieth Century-Fox. . . . At one year Gloria Stuart Sheekman's baby Sylvia can say "Terrific!" but not "Mama!" showing that Hollywood does influence you. During filming Gloria crept around set taking uncandid camera shots of Hollywood romantic actors sleeping with mouths open, blowing their noses. Gloria's a monopoly fiend; learns her lines in one crack, by reading them, then writing them out; entertains princes and paupers. Has terrible butler trouble; got rid of last one by telling him her mother-in-law was coming to live with her to take over butting. . . . When company appeared for location work at Tombstone, Arizona, they got biggest reception since Billy the Kid came to town, everything done for it in old Western style, up to but not including shooting a couple of tenderfeet. Shopkeepers did hold up actors, but it was all in economic fun. . . . Most difficult shot: Bromberg and Gloria Stuart, in order to see themselves in a pool of water, were strapped around stummicks in halters and suspended horizontally, getting nauseated from same. . . . Real term for mercy killing is euthanasia and no word for a Hollywood producer to bounce around. . . . Robert Kent's Darryl Zanuckian protégé, which means Zanuck will work the ex-ad model to death and achieve the lad fame (if he's good). . . . Twentieth Century-Fox plant shut down for summer months. Zanuck's fishing in parts unknown, Nunnally Johnson's in England, June Lang's taking her first trip to New York.

★ ★ ½ EARTHWORM TRACTORS

THE PLAYERS: Joe E. Brown, June Travis, Gay Kibbee, Dick Foran, Carol Hughes, Gene Lockhart, Olin Howland, Joseph Crehan, Sara Edwards, Charles Wilson, William Davidson. Directed by Raymond Enright. From the stories by William Hazlett Upson.

HOLLYWOOD this week offers a slam-bang comedy from the irrepressible Joe E. Brown.

In Earthworm Tractors, based on a series of stories by William Hazlett Upson, the cavern-mouthed comic is seen as a highly energetic salesman, the dauntless type that used to be called a "go-getter." Joe begins his career as a door-to-door dispenser of novelties and ends up as a big-time tractor salesman. Between this humble

From Grave to Gay, the Summer

beginning and gigantic end Joe encounters endless difficulties both amatory and commercial, and since they are all depicted with boisterous liveliness, Earthworm Tractors emerges as a loud and funny affair.

No character throws a custard pie in Earthworm Tractors. Except for that slight omission, the picture is a somewhat successful revival of every old-fashioned slapstick gag.

Given admirable support by Gene Lockhart as a rival salesman, the pretty June Travis, and Carol Hughes, Brown's latest gag-fest should not disappoint his loyal fans. Joe himself is more subdued than usual, though there is no taint of shyness in the manner in which he climbs to the heights of salesmanship. Although, as we have shouted, there is nothing new in Earthworm Tractors, the picture remains a speedy bit of diversion. Guy Kibbee, as a gruff embodiment of sales resistance, very nearly steals the show. And the rest of the cast seem happily unaware that their antics are no longer brand-new.

VITAL STATISTICS: Eighteen months ago fire at Warner plant destroyed \$50,000 worth of earthworm tractors, postponed picture almost for good, labeling it hard luck. Warners overrode superstitions, spent \$300,000 more, got good product, but upset character-yarnist Will Hazlett Upson (called in on script) by so-called Hollywood waste (really profligacy). While working on script with scenarist Joel Sayre, Upson got in huff with him over scene in which Sayre wanted Joey Brown to come up from a mud dunk spitting frogs. Thought it undignified in tractor seller. . . . After Polo Joe, next and last for Warners, Joey Brown moves cavernous mouth over to David Loew at \$100,000 per film, a \$25,000 raise plus more script leniency. Is shrewd business man; saves his money; collects classical records; redecorated and made successful a flop Hollywood apartment house; doesn't overeat; makes smart never lucky decisions; is considered by young ingénues of Hollywood an authority on romantic acting. He enjoyed driving that tractor right smack up against set loungers, making them dive for safety. Got that pipsqueak laugh by accident. Ad libs a lot, but doesn't let down fellow actors by leaving out cue word, thus ruining "take." Is a sucker for salesmen, having recently accumulated a rhinoskin sleeping bag for African lion hunt he never intends taking, and anti-shiver pills should he ever get the jitters—which he won't, not being the introverted type. Acrobats never worry—can't afford to. . . . Guy Kibbee fishes; brings back the truth. Bought a tractor for his ranch, but lacks stones to yank around or tree stumps to extract. Any one got any old stones or stumps? Is going to build a moat around jernt and breed in it warm-water or hot trout. . . . Hollywood's breeding people who look alike; witness Carol Hughes and June Travis, looking alike as two gangster scripts. . . . June Travis says she learned beauty secrets from woman of forty, a mother of four; health from ballplayers on father Harry Grabiner's Chicago White Sox vice-prexy's team. Used to work out in spring with White Sox. . . . Carol Hughes has a hunting lodge back of San Diego Mts. and hunts timid rabbits in sun suits. Her sun-tan secret is: gently break in by taking five minutes in the morning, ten in late afternoon, then increase amount daily.

★ ★ SPENDTHRIFT

THE PLAYERS: Henry Fonda, Pat Patterson, Mary Brian, George Barbier, Ed Brophy, Richard Carle, J. M. Kerrigan, Spencer Charters, June Brewster, Halliwell Hobbes, Jerry Mandy. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Story by Eric Hatch.

AS his final production under the Paramount banner, Walter Wanger offers a mild, long-winded account of how a millionaire playboy finds love and happiness. Spendthrift tells the sort of story that appears entertaining in print, yet the film abounds in stretches of apathy. Gangling Henry Fonda is seen as a carefree heir to endless possessions—yachts, race horses, polo ponies, and country estates. But, having dissipated his fortune, he has no money to keep the luxurious wheels rolling.

Spendthrift devotes its time to showing how Fonda,



Gloria Stuart and Robert Kent as they appear in a scene from The Crime of Doctor Forbes.

AND A GAG-FEST

Films Explore a Number of Themes

by BEVERLY HILLS

after a fruitless attempt to win the Kentucky Derby, recoups his losses, which he does by capitalizing his varied sporting knowledge and becoming, of all things, a radio sports announcer. Though it is sprinkled with humorous touches, Spendthrift never manages to become really engrossing. The film is somewhat hampered by passages of inept dialogue; but even the crispest sort of talk would have a hard time surviving the accent mangling of Pat Patterson and Mary Brian.

The dollish Mary Brian plays a Kentucky honey with a longer drawl than Lincoln Highway. And Miss Patterson, not to be outdone, coats her speeches with a foot-thick Irish brogue in this battle of accents. When not doing tricks with the language, these girls have their hearts set on marrying Mr. Fonda. Miss Brian wants him for his supposed fortune, and Miss Patterson wants the man only for his handsome self.

With this setup Spendthrift meanders its frivolous way.

Because it is enlivened by Ed Brophy's comic characterization, the film should be able to take care of the weak half of a double bill.

VITAL STATISTICS: Scarcely any visible necking in this, megger Raoul Walsh belonging to the anti-clinch school. Thinks day of 7,900 feet of kissing and 100 feet of story passé. Walsh is superdynamic; rewrites all of his scripts; is curious choice for social-tea picture like this, since he was once Hollywood roughneck director: What Price Glory fashioner. . . . Extras were millionaires afternoons at fashionable Midwick Polo and Country Club at \$5 per day, then took busses back to Hollywood slums—extras again. Disillusionment Extraordinary: That's carbonated-ginger-ale champagne and colored-water cocktails they sop up in polo victory scenes. . . . Henry (Aw Shucks!) Fonda has recovered from re-being Meg Sullivan's husb in Moon's Our Home and back to being his furiously bachelor self again. A Grand Island, Nebraskan, he failed to matriculate for newspaper work; wistfully wishes he had. Girls like him because he is a helpless cow-eyed hayseed seemingly lost amid sophistication. He still rooms with James Stewart and Hollywood speculates on which will be big star first. Ate off mantels after polo scenes in which he fell not once—though an amateur rider. Tells his age by the number of straight-edged razors he has: starting with one Fonda Sr. gave him at fifteen, he's added one a year and now has seventeen. . . . Pat Patterson's another old Fox flop whom Wanger's taking and rehabilitating with comforting word, soothing contract, and typical Wanger ballyhoo. Pat's of Kirkcaldy, Scotland. Has had her rough moments in English theater life; was a ballet mistress at sixteen; likes green and tailored clothes, wears a 3½ shoe. Got into films when Heather Angel, scheduled for Let Us Be Gay, took sick and gave way to her. They're still best friends, and Heather needs a new Wanger life like Pat's getting. Pat married Charles Boyer after three weeks' superfriendship. They were in lobby of theater which had been sold out, and, having nothing to do, chartered honeymoon plane to Yuma, Arizona, and took off on the really big flight. . . . Typical New Yorker June Brewster is of Eldorado, Illinois, a hamlet. She strolls the film capital with two dogs on a leash and a macaw on her shoulder; hates autos; once owned International Car made of patchwork parts of world-famous jollopies. . . . Edward Santry Brophy's a U. of Va. man, veddy cultured and grammatical offscreen but forced to talk from side of a thickened mouth (and head) on. Ed's a great horticulturist. Gave up eighteen hours a Hollywood day as an executive, for acting, so he could be laughed not cursed at, and also develop his mind. . . . Every time George Barbier, the man of 1,000 roles, wants to retire, some one rushes up with a new contract to sign. . . . Richard Carle had to have special baldhead make-up to keep sun from shining into camera. Those're Arthur Perkins, polo shark, and Frank X. Shields, tennisist, doing bits at club. This is Mary Brian's first heavy in a sugar-coated career. I'm told Mary longs to do Peter Pan, and expects to remain a bachelor, now that Dick Powell's got other, blonder thoughts.

★ ★ WOMEN ARE TROUBLE

THE PLAYERS: Stuart Erwin, Paul Kelly, Florence Rice, Margaret Irving, Cy Kendall, John Harrington, Harold Huber, Kitty McHugh, Raymond Hatton. Directed by Errol Taggart. Story by George Harmon Cox.

A MINOR item from the M-G-M studio, Women Are Trouble is a neat, swiftly related comedy that packs many laughs into its tale of newspapermen versus gangsters. Though there is nothing new in it and the plot structure is dangerously flimsy, this amiable little piece has been so shrewdly directed by Errol Taggart that it emerges as a pleasantly frivolous time waster.

In it the easygoing Stuart Erwin is seen as the reporter who spends so much time chasing gangsters that one wonders when he writes. Added to his newspaper assignments is a combination romance and rivalry with Florence Rice, working for another paper. With this hackneyed setup, Women Are Trouble provides much amusement. There is a superb performance by Paul Kelly as the typically hard-boiled city editor, and even though most of the characterizations are as inelastic as tintypes, the picture is so good-natured that its sterile pattern is given delightful freshness.

News writers have been consistently garbled by breathless actors; and perhaps the most distinctive feature of Women Are Trouble is that Stuart Erwin looks and behaves like a reporter.



A salesman and his sweetie—Joe E. Brown and June Travis in a scene from Earthworm Tractors.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture of opportunities: op for Stu Erwin to star as a leading man; for Earl Taggart, former M-G-M production stooge, to direct; for redheaded realist writer Michael Fessier, ex-news-hound, to co-produce; for Cincinnati newsman Richard Blake to write first movie script; for Florence Rice, dotter to Grantland, to crash M-G-M casting office; for author George Harmon Cox to sell his first yarn to movies; for M-G-M to get a new slant on another newspaper story. . . . It was all so newswapery around the set and story, Margaret Irving got herself tied to Bill James, Los Angeles newspaperman, during filming. . . . Lou Smith, wistful soda jerker at M-G-M commissary, always has wanted to be an actor, so he gets his first chance to mime in this—funnily enough—as a soda jerker! . . . Stu Erwin keeps overweight because he thinks it helps him put over his humor. Got sick recently and, cured, had to go on an increasing diet. The screen, by the way, always makes you appear heavier, adding about five pounds to your weight. . . . Paul Kelly planed in from New York, interrupting his vacation. Came in boasting he'd learned his lines a-wing, they tested, found he was no liar, immediately stuck him in a scene, planed him back after four weeks of shooting time to complete his vacash. . . . Two Ziggie beauties stood in for Miss Rice—Claire Manners and Virginia Gray—taking the work rather than have to go on glorified relief. . . . Ray Hatton's a comedian in his advancing years. Is of Red Oak, Iowa, son of an M. D., farm school raised.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Green Pastures, Show Boat, The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood.

★★★½—The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags, The Great Ziegfeld, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Follow the Fleet, Modern Times, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Ceiling Zero, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home.

★★★—The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, If You Could Only Cook.

Four Martinis ... and a GIRL

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

by

WALTER
ROEBER
SCHMIDT

WITH the questionable skill of one whose practice began in the middle of the prohibition era, Tommy Hawks hung a well shod kicker on Joe Delaney's brass rail and said mournfully, "Three Martinis, Joe. Line 'em up."

Joe looked up and frowned. Now, any one who knows Joe, or ever has visited his silver-and-black bar, also knows that with each first drink the famous Delaney smile goes gratis. If Joe frowns it's News.

"What'samatter, Mr. Hawks? Sick?"

"Three Martinis," repeated Tommy, "in a row."

Joe reached uncertainly for the ingredients.

Three dry ones lined the horizon directly under Tommy Hawks's nose. He sighed, raised glass number one in the air. "To all bachelors, Joe," he said.

Then Joe smiled. "I thought at first it was something serious, Mr. Hawks," he said.

Tommy took up the second glass. "Through with them," he confided. "Forever. Joe, listen. If you ever catch me speaking to one again, will you kick me—hard?"

Joe Delaney nodded. It was no effort nor great weight upon the Delaney conscience to do this; he'd made the same promise many thousands of times before.

"Women!" said Mr. Hawks savagely. "Phooey!"

Tommy deposited Martini number two to his inner regions. He put down the glass. Then, like a magician drawing a rabbit from a hat, he whipped a newspaper clipping from an inside pocket and promptly began reading. Joe slowly polished a glass and nodded discreetly as young Mr. Hawks read about a Miss Somebody-or-other running off to Bermuda to marry a Park Avenue polo player, ditching a comparative nobody named Hawks.

"See!" young Mr. Hawks said, returning the clipping to his pocket. He picked up the third Martini.

"Tough," Joe comforted, "but that's life."

Tommy wagged a black-thatched mane. "That's life," he agreed bitterly. "Joe, don't forget, if you ever—"

"Right in the seat of the pants."

Tommy downed Martini number three.

"Line 'em up again, Joe."

Joe Delaney liked young Mr. Hawks; he shook his head.

"No can do. Only enough vermuth left for one."

"O. K.," replied Tommy. "One, then. But I'll be back."

"After you eat," Joe suggested.

"After I eat," Tommy echoed. "But if you ever—"

"Yeah, I know," Joe said. . . .

It was almost dark and a cold biting wind sang through New York's man-made canyons. Young Mr. Hawks tugged his hat down and pulled the topcoat collar closer.

He whistled out of tune (the whine of the wind kindly hid the fact) and bent steps in the direction of a restaurant renowned for its good food. Women passed but, outside of silently and indiscriminately relegating them to a place much warmer than the cool earth upon which he trod, Tommy was unaware of their existence.

He paused at the corner and looked about, because the world for some fool reason had begun to spin. It was a pleasant sort of spin, not too fast nor too slow. He was almost happy. If it wasn't for women . . .

Tommy looked down into a round red face. On top of the face sat a blue cap with a shield.



He wanted a cigarette. The first match was promptly blown out. So was the second, the third, and the last. He threw the matchless matchcard away and just stood there, concentrating on the matter of getting his cigarette lighted.

"Allow me," said a voice at his side, a soft voice with only the slightest evidence of a chuckle in it.

Tommy turned. It was, of all things, a girl. A girl dressed in a smart gray suit, and she was holding out a cigarette lighter. Tommy Hawks stared; glared; cursed silently. Judas Priest, a man couldn't escape them!

But he wanted a smoke. He crossed his fingers and accepted. He felt the girl's humorous brown eyes on him

THE HILARIOUS STORY



as he lighted his cigarette from the flame. He uncrossed his fingers. He was safe. "Thanks," he said gruffly and moved off.

He walked but a pace or two. There was a sudden buffeting gust of wind. Even above the howl of it he heard the girl's shriek. Young Mr. Hawks wheeled about.

Two things met his unbelieving eyes at the same time: a gray wrap-around skirt, caught by the hurricane-like wind, was sailing over his head, and a vision of girlishly pink underclothing was disappearing into the taxi that had been chugging at the curb. The door slammed and the taxi bounded off across the avenue.

Young Mr. Hawks laughed out loud. That was a hot one, all right. A girl being embarrassed by a wind. Took the skirt right off her, by Samuel, and blew it— Tommy Hawks stopped laughing and looked around. The world

was off its axis and still spinning like a circus dervish. Where the heck *had* the wind blown it? Then Tommy's eyes popped, his mouth fell open. That couldn't be it up in that tree! He blinked, shook his head, looked again. That was it, all right.

The soft voice and the nice eyes of the girl in gray returned to young Mr. Hawks who was through with all women. He suddenly remembered that long ago at Sunday school he had been taught that one good turn deserves another. It was a golden rule or something. The girl had given him a light for his cigarette, hadn't she? He would repay the good deed. He would get the skirt. Surely the suit was useless without it.

Tommy had not climbed a tree since that last semester when Yale beat Princeton and he had helped hang a tiger in effigy from the tallest of the trees outside the Blues' immortal halls. And at that time his dexterity had not been handicapped by four of Joe Delaney's very dry Martinis. It was, therefore, anything but an expert job of tree-climbing that Tommy Hawks undertook. The hazardous ascent quickly attracted a knot of morbidly curious onlookers, who seemed thoroughly disappointed when he at last reached the higher branches and the wrap-around skirt that belonged to the girl in gray.

Tommy sat on one of the stouter limbs and considered various plans for making a safe return to earth. It was, with the wind rocking the tree and the Martinis rocking



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young Mr. Hawks, no simple matter to determine.

"Let's see," he murmured to the whistling wind. "If I hold the skirt in one hand, that leaves only one hand to use in going down. How can I manage to bring both hands to the aid of the party?" And then a lightning-swift bolt of brilliance flashed in the Hawks' cranium. He drew the skirt about his shoulders as if it were a cape and snapped a snapper.

"Hey, you!"

"Who? Me?" Tommy looked down through the leafless limbs of the tree into a round red face staring up at him. On the top of the face sat a blue cap with a shield on it. It was the law.

"Yeah, you. Come down outa there!"

"Can't," Tommy said.

"Can't!" bellowed the law. "Why, you young scamp—"

Tommy moved around on the limb so that his two feet hung.

"Coming down, or do I have to come up after ye?"

"Can't," Tommy reiterated. "Tree's rocking." He hugged it tightly to prove his statement. The crowd that had gathered laughed.

"It's against the law!" the law cried. "I'll fine ye. I'll have ye thrown in jail for creating a disturbance."

"Disturbance yourself! Not interfering with any one up here."

The crowd applauded. "Bravo, bravo!" it shouted.

"Shut up!" bellowed the law at the ever-increasing crowd. And to Tommy: "Come down outa that tree."

Young Mr. Hawks began singing in a high key. The crowd was blocking traffic. "Outa my way!" the law demanded, pushing through to the firebox at the corner.

THE law pulled the lever. The crowd jeered. Young Mr. Hawks gave the razzberry. The crowd howled its approval. Tommy waved an arm in appreciation, lost his balance, and came close to complying with the law's request by almost falling out of the tree.

Safety regained, he continued singing in a high key.

The sound of a siren. A fire engine came up the street and stopped near the tree. The law went over and spoke rapidly, making vague gestures in Tommy's direction. The firemen laughed. Every one was laughing. Except the law. Tommy saw men with notebooks. He kept on singing.

The crowd let out a mock cheer as the firemen went forward with a ladder. The ladder was pointed and unleashed at young Mr. Hawks.

"Now come down," the law sang out, "or we'll come up and get ye."

Tommy considered. It was surely

easier descending via the ladder than via the tree trunk. Also he was hungry. Enough was enough. The wind caught under the skirt and whipped it around his neck as he felt his way cautiously down the ladder. His foot hit the ground and simultaneously a heavy hand hit his shoulder. "Come with me," the law growled angrily into his ear. "The judge'll want to hear all about this."



WALTER ROEBERT
SCHMIDT

was born in New York City in 1908. He says that his first story was never sold; that he has it under lock and key and that it will stay there. His second story was published in 1928, since when over a hundred of his stories, novellettes, and articles have been published in leading magazines.

YOUNG Mr. Hawks smiled agreeably. "Can I have something to eat?" he asked, and allowed himself to be guided swiftly through the crowd toward a squad car. The reporters asked rapid-fire questions and he gave rapid-fire answers as he was whisked away. Then he was in the small car, which raced through streets now dark.

They stopped in front of a building where two green lights blazed at the entrance. The heavy hand guided him inside, and then he was standing before a big desk. But not for long. The bright lights hurt his

eyes and it was warm—very warm. Suddenly the lights went out. . . .

His head ached and there was a funny fuzzy taste in his mouth. His body was not comfortable, and the place he was sleeping in was not his own room nor his own bed. He sat up, not without effort. And then he knew. He was in jail. In a cell. He had slept here all night. But why? What the Harry was he doing in a cell?

His hand came to rest on his pillow—something woolen rolled in a ball. A girl's skirt. A gray skirt. A gray wrap-around skirt. Joe Delaney's . . . a cold howling wind . . . something about lighting a cigarette . . . a soft voice . . .

The jangling of a key in the lock broke into Tommy's vague thread of thoughts. "Come on, you," the policeman said. On legs that threatened to crumple at each step, Tommy followed the policeman into the room with the big desk.

There was a girl standing there. She had nice laughing eyes, and when she spoke her voice was soft and musical—a voice young Mr. Hawks had heard somewhere before. "Yes," the girl said, nodding toward the officer at the big desk, "this is the young man. It really was all my fault. The suit is quite an expensive one and I was afraid if the skirt wasn't immediately retrieved—"

The desk officer smiled. "I see, Miss Sothern; you couldn't chase it yourself, so you asked Mr. Hawks here—"

Miss Sothern blushed. "Of course I couldn't chase it. It was most kind of this young man to—to—"

"That's that, then," the officer said, still smiling. "Case dismissed."

Tommy Hawks gulped his thanks

and walked down the corridor at the side of the girl. "I got it a little wrinkled," he apologized, handing the skirt to her, "but you can have it pressed, I guess. Tell me, what happened? How do I happen to have it?"

The girl's nice eyes twinkled as she opened the newspaper she was carrying. Tommy Hawks's name leaped at him. He read quickly through the "human interest" story. "Judas Priest!" said Tommy and returned the paper.

They went out and stood at the curb. She offered a slim firm hand, and Tommy kept looking into her face. "Thanks," he said, "for getting me out of the cooler."

"And you for rescuing my skirt." She signaled a taxi with her free hand.

"Listen," he said as the cab pulled up. "I must see you again. Will you meet me at Joe Delaney's at six for a cocktail?"

For one long second Miss Sothern gazed into Tommy's anxious hopeful face. Then she smiled. "Yes," she said, "if you'll make Joe promise not to feed us the kind that makes you want to climb trees."

The taxi door slammed; a white-gloved hand waved. Young Mr. Hawks squared his shoulders. This girl was worth a kick in the pants. He sighed deeply and walked east toward the rising sun and his job.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 11

- 1—Alfred Mossman Landon.
- 2—The Channel Islands.
- 3—James Joseph Tunney, retired undefeated world's heavyweight boxing champion.
- 4—Haile Selassie, referred to in Italy by his family name, Tafari.
- 5—At Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, by W. A. McKeever, former Kansas State College professor. About 900 pupils are enrolled, the oldest being 111 years old.
- 6—Hubert Prior (Rudy) Vallee, student of the Suffolk Law School of Massachusetts.
- 7—About forty.
- 8—Gamaliel.
- 9—Edward Zane Carrol Judson (1822-86), credited with being the originator of the dime novel.
- 10—The European curlew.
- 11—In bowling.
- 12—President Eduard Benes of Czechoslovakia.
- 13—Thirty.
- 14—Umpires, who are discouraged from associating with players.
- 15—Eighty days, as related in Jules Verne's *Around the World in Eighty Days*.
- 16—S. Flohr.
- 17—The China Clipper of the Pan-American Airways. On short runs westward from Honolulu a far lighter load of fuel is required than for the "hop" from San Francisco to Hawaii.
- 18—About ten billion dollars (as of January 1, 1935).
- 19—Deuteronomy 22: 5—"The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment: for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord thy God."
- 20—

Annie E. Barr.



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Carnival

BY MARTHA

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

HER mother dying suddenly, Shannon March is compelled to relinquish her ambition for higher education and join her father, Big Ned, in his medicine-man ballyhoo act in a cheap carnival. On the lot a fellow worker, Jet Carmichael, falls hopelessly in love with the fair recruit.

At Shale Falls, Minnesota, a tall young man, who buys her father's wonder soap, attracts Shannon's attention. Later that night there is a card-game shooting affair in which Ned March is involved, and his daughter is forced to flee the scene of trouble. Bound for nowhere, she is given a lift by a friendly autoist who proves to be the tall young man that bought the soap earlier that evening.

Hearing of her plight, her new-found friend, Byrn Pryor, offers her a job as his mother's companion-secretary, which she is glad to accept. So Shannon March is installed at Dawn Haven, their beautiful country home, and meets the family—Lucy, the daughter of Mrs. Pryor, her husband, Jay Braddock, and their little boy Tommy; also Donaldda Sherwood, a niece of Mrs. Pryor.

Except for Donaldda, who seems to hate her, the secretary wins a warm place in their affections, especially after she risks her life to save little Tommy from drowning. And the Pryors' neighbors like and accept her socially—Senator Marston, his daughter Ella, who is regarded as a match for Byrn, and Edgar Kemp, who is secretly carrying on an intrigue with Lucy.

Involuntarily Byrn is drawn to Shannon despite her humble origin

FALSEHOOD AND HYPOCRISY . . . A KISS AND A GAME OF MAKE-BELIEVE . . .

"What in heaven's name are you talking about, man?" she asked in a voice that was gray and small.

al Lady

O STEN SO

SEWELL BOOTH

and circus connection; and his mother presents the girl with a valuable star sapphire. All of which enrages jealous Donalda. And when Jet Carmichael comes as Edgar Kemp's gardener, and she catches him kissing Shannon's hand, she maliciously spreads the news.

At a dance the former carnival girl does card tricks to entertain the crowd. The next morning one of the guests, Fan Brixton, misses a costly diamond brooch.

"Anything can happen in a house that maintains sleight-of-hand artists," is Donalda's latest innuendo.

PART FOUR—GOSSIP HAS A FLING

WHAT in hell are you talking about, Donalda?" Byrn barked; but before he had finished speaking Shannon had fled up the stairs.

Lucy was pale. "Well—Don!"

"Land sakes, how quick you people are to twist everything I say!" Donalda cried. "I just meant that it's all of a piece—all melodrama!" . . .

In her own room, Shannon looked at her hastily packed suitcase. No, she would not take it with her. If they saw her with her suitcase and typewriter, there would be another unbearable scene. She could come back for her things, or have Jet call for them. A knock sounded gently at the door.

"Shannon!" It was Lucy.

"May I come in?"

"Yes."

Lucy glanced at the suitcase. "Shannon—you're not going?"

"I have no choice, have I?"



NEW, TENSE CHAPTER IN THE STORY OF A GIRL'S STRANGE LOVE

"I don't give a damn who you are!" he raged suddenly. Then he swept down and kissed her upturned lips.

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"You can't do this, dear," Lucy said. "They found the darned brooch. She gave it to Edgar to keep for her last night. She was too—"

"It doesn't really matter, Lucy. Sooner or later, something of the kind was bound to happen."

"But mother will simply die when she finds you gone."

"I was going to Pilmer this afternoon anyhow," Shannon said dully. "Your mother knows that. I'll wait till she comes in and explain."

Lucy threw her arms about the girl. "Shannon—you must not do it. I can't tell you why, dear—but it will make a scene, a terrible scene! If mother gets angry at Don, there's no telling what may happen. Won't you please—for my sake, Shannon—won't you please slip quietly away and give it a chance to blow over? Donald is't worth two thoughts. She's so jealous of you she can scarcely breathe. She was furious last night when she saw you wearing that sapphire. Don't you see, darling, it's just—money, money, who's got the money? If anything happens now, she'll—"

Shannon had taken the sapphire from the dresser. She held it toward Lucy. "I want you to take care of this."

"Certainly, dear—if you'll promise to say nothing to mother—and come back tonight."

Shannon stood for a moment, pressing her palms to her hot temples. "Just let me go, Lucy," she pleaded. "I'll say nothing, but I've got to think."

"But you *will* come back tonight, won't you?"

"Don't make me promise anything—now," Shannon begged.

BYRN had left the house and had wandered along the path toward Kemp's place. He sat himself on the big rock far up the beach and ran his fingers angrily through his hair. He had wanted to follow Shannon to her room and try to make some explanation of what had occurred. But he knew that would be futile.

Then Shannon was coming down the path, immaculate in a white linen dress.

"Shannon!" He held his hand out to her, and after a second's hesitancy she laid her own within it.

"Where are you off to?" he asked bluntly.

"I'm going to Pilmer with Jet Carmichael."

"I don't suppose there's any sense in my trying to tell you—how I feel about what happened back there in the house just now?"

"There's nothing to say, is there?"

"Well, damn it—of course there is! What Donald said isn't worth talking about, I know. But—" He leaned toward her, his eyes burning. "We've all got off to a false start, Shannon. Can't we start over again and have everything clear from the beginning?"

Her eyes widened for a breathless moment, and then closed.

"I don't think that would help much."

"It would help a lot, Shannon. Donald isn't the only one at fault. I've acted like a fool, and I want to—"

"Please—I must hurry."

"All right, hang it—I'm in a hurry! It may interest you to know that I went to Shale Falls last week. I've got to tell you that, Shannon. I went there to find out what I could about you."

Between her dark lashes her eyes were like blue knife blades.

"You went to a lot of trouble. I could have told you—if there was anything to tell."

"I don't give a damn who you are!" he raged suddenly. Then he swept down and kissed her upturned lips.

She stood for a moment, covered her eyes with her hands, then turned and ran up the beach and through the woods so fast that Byrn, in the struggle of his emotions, could not hope to overtake her.

AT five o'clock that afternoon Mrs. Pryor received Senator Marston in her own small sitting room. She ordered a highball for her friend, while she had tea.

"Well, Susan," the senator said, tucking in his lips, "you're pretty well wrapped up in your flowers, aren't you?"

"Nothing better to be wrapped up in!" Mrs. Pryor returned with conviction.

Marston smiled. "You're an astonishing woman, Susan. For more than thirty years I've been in the habit of thinking of you as the head of a family—a mother. And now, without warning, you're an author, or a scientist—or whatever it is you call yourself. How have you managed it?"

"I got tired of running a family, James. After thirty-odd years on one job a woman ought to have a change."

"No doubt, no doubt! I sometimes wish I could get out of politics for a few years. The trouble is, when we take up one job, we've got to stay with it till we've finished it."

"Or till it has finished us! That's the trouble. Some of you old fogies think the political job can't be finished without you. It'll still be a job long after you're dead, James."

"Very true, Susan. That's one reason I've been helping to groom Byrn for office. I want him to carry on where I leave off. In a sense, that's what brought me over to see you this afternoon. Oh, I'm not going to talk politics. I'm thinking of certain matters that concern our immediate families. What do you think about Byrn and Ella?"

"Byrn and Ella?" Mrs. Pryor dropped a lump of sugar into her tea. "Huh! If they're in love, let 'em get married."

"Exactly! And nothing would please me more. You know my regard for Byrn. I have his future at heart—and Ella is very fond of him. I think he's fond of her."

"That settles it as far as I'm con-

cerned. We're not living in the Dark Ages, James. Youngsters manage those things in their own way these days. They're not so darned good at it, in my opinion, but that's their own funeral."

Marston lifted his glass and drank thoughtfully. "It's just possible, Susan, that their mistakes are often the result of neglect on the part of the parents. I was going to ask you about this young secretary you have working for you," Marston said abruptly.

"Shannon March? She's a fine girl, James. And I'm not going to have you taking her away until I'm through with her, if that's what you're driving at."

"No—it isn't that. I—I've been talking with Ella. This morning at breakfast. It seems—to tell you the truth, Susan, Ella is rather disturbed about something she has heard lately. Don't misunderstand me, Susan. Ella thinks highly of this young March person. But she thinks more, naturally, of Byrn's reputation. The fact that Byrn picked the girl up somewhere along the road and brought her home with him in the early morning—what I mean, Susan, is that people love to make the most of a thing like that."

"Of course they do. And what of it? Shannon March is here as my secretary. If they're trying to blacken her name, I'd like to know about it. And I'd like to know who's doing it."

"Well, now, it isn't so bad as that, Susan. But when gossip connects Byrn's name with a girl he has picked up somewhere on the road—well, naturally, Ella feels distress. She can't help it. It disturbs me, too."

Mrs. Pryor sipped her tea with disdainful calm. Then she set her cup back upon the little table at her side.

"You can't be serious about this, James—about Shannon and Byrn, I mean. It's sheer nonsense! From what I have observed, I'd say the girl actually disapproves of Byrn. She doesn't like him. You may set your mind at rest on that point. The best way to treat gossip is to let it have its fling. Let it die a natural death. I don't want to hear any more about it."

"Very well, Susan; we'll let that go. But there's another matter—"

Mrs. Pryor eyed him truculently. "Go ahead—shoot! It probably won't hurt me."

"Well, damn it, Susan! I'm not going to beat around the bush. I've tried to argue with myself that you probably haven't seen what's going on between Lucy and this man Kemp. But with the whole county talking about it, it's time you knew something. Perhaps you know all about it and refuse to let it interfere with your confounded botany!"

The folds of lace at Mrs. Pryor's wrists trembled.

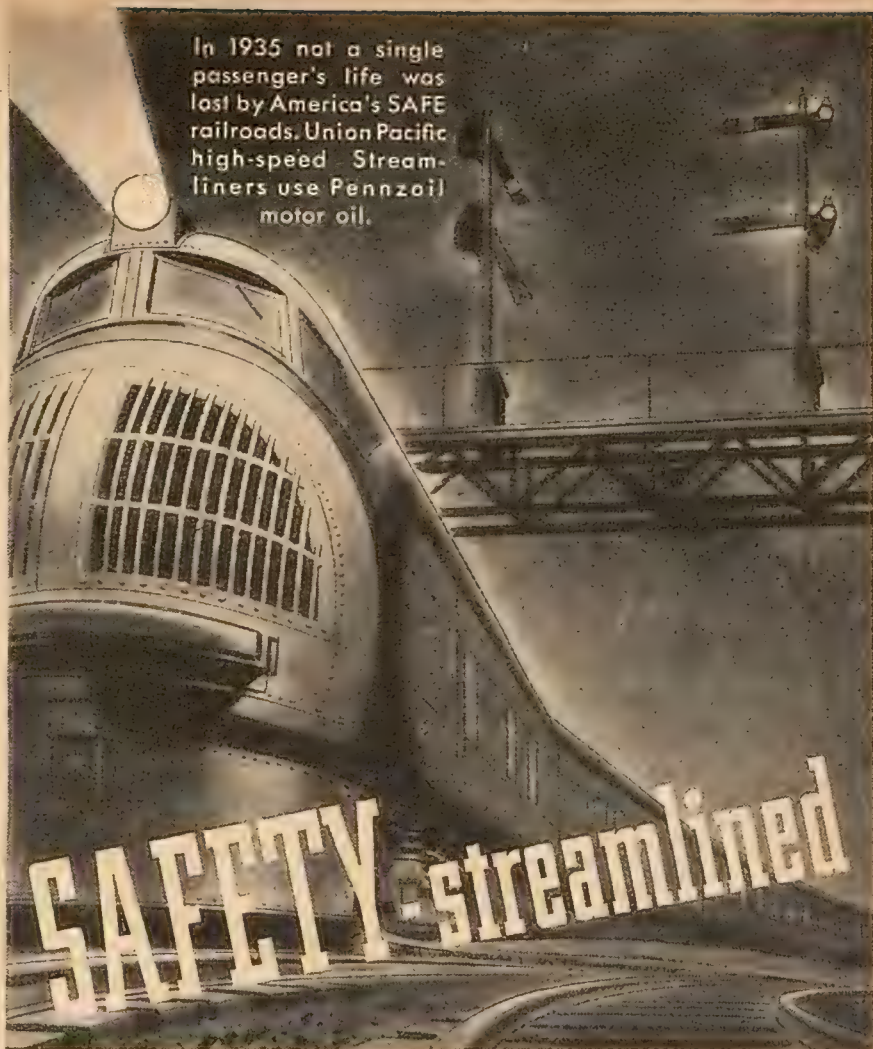
"What in heaven's name are you talking about, man?" she asked in a voice that was gray and small.

THE brown mushroom tents of Martin's Mammoth Carnival were gently, compassionately overcast by blue twilight. In one of the smaller tents, Old Man Martin sat with his head in his hands, trying to console himself with the thought that it was not any shortcoming of his own that was causing this negligence on the part of the Pilmer citizenry to patronize his offerings, but the fact that very soon the Paul Bunyan celebration was to be held in Carthia and the good people were saving their money for that. If it wasn't one thing it was another!

A short distance—it couldn't be anything else—along the midway, behind a flauntingly awninged façade, Madame Mercedes and her daughter Ruby were entertaining at dinner. Their guests were Ned March and Shannon and Jet Carmichael. They sat on the grass under the tent.

From his cage, with its red-and-gold curlicued canopy, old Nestor looked on sleepily. He had eaten well today, and he had got commendably through his tedious hour of watching that six-legged monstrosity of a calf galumphing about him while the customers laughed and applauded. The calf—Ned had dubbed it Ophelia—was now tethered to a stake just outside the tent and was nosing under the canvas at a tuft of grass.

For the past hour Ned and old Mercedes had been exchanging reminiscences with the abandon of children blowing bubbles. It had been a hilarious hour. Almost,



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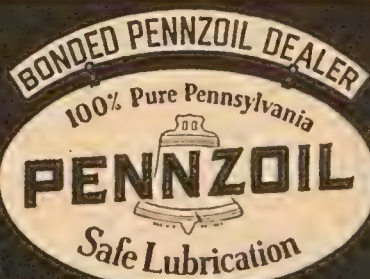
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but not quite, Shannon had been able to forget the searing humiliation of Byrn Pryor's kiss and all that had gone before it.

"Time we're getting back home?" Jet suggested.

Ned nodded and looked wistfully at his daughter.

"I don't want to go back," Shannon said. "But dad doesn't want me."

Ned's eyes were moist. "I want you, Shannon—you know I want you. It's a question of what's best for you. We talked it all over this afternoon, didn't we? Why should you give up a good job and go back to traipsing around with this outfit?"

"Well, we'll be in New York in the spring," Shannon argued. "I could get something to do there and maybe—"

Jet slapped his knee emphatically. "By golly, them swells are gettin' too much for Shan and she won't admit it. Ain't that the truth, now?"

Shannon didn't reply. But how right he was, she thought miserably. Suddenly she felt ashamed. Mrs. Pryor had talked of how they would gather snowdrops, in the thawing dark woods, in the spring. . . .

Through the trees, from the main road, the lights of the big house twinkled reassuringly. Shannon, still depressed after her farewell with Ned and Mercedes and Ruby, took a determined hold of her feelings as she said good night to Jet Carmichael.

"Cheer up, kid," he said stoutly. "You've got no kick comin'. You've got a good job, haven't you? If it gets too much for you, stroll over and give me a whistle. I'll be round somewhere."

As she passed through the house, Shannon caught a glimpse of Donald, stretched out on a divan in the living room, doing crossword puzzles. Fanny Brixton sat in a chair near by, a magazine in her lap. Through the open door of the library she could see Jay Braddock seated with a book under a bridge lamp. With relief she saw no sign of Byrn.

The door of Mrs. Pryor's sitting room upstairs was open, and the old lady seemed relieved at seeing her. There was something dispirited and worn in her look. Shannon wanted to throw her arms about the frail shoulders under the lace scarf, but she dared not trust herself. Instead she smiled and quickly said good night.

WHILE she was undressing in her own room, a light tap came at the door. When she opened it, Lucy slipped in without a word and closed the door hastily behind her.

The flowered silk robe which she had been wearing that first morning when she darted furtively through the rose garden was fastened carelessly at her waist and was dropping off her shoulders. Her fingers gripped a package of cigarettes and a paper of matches. She had been crying.

She sat down on the chaise longue and drew Shannon down beside her. "Mother got after me tonight about

Edgar. That old porpoise Marston was over this afternoon."

"Marston?"

"He told mother that there's been gossip going around about Edgar and me. I don't know what to do about it!"

"Was it—very bad?"

"I don't see how it could be. What could any one say—"

But at the look in Shannon's eyes her voice trailed off lamely.

"Oh, Lucy!" Shannon said, looking directly at her. "You don't have to pretend with me. Andy Wiggam told me there was gossip, but I didn't say anything. I've known about you and Edgar since the first morning I was here."

LUCY stared. "How—"

"I saw you leave him before daylight and come in across the garden. I was looking out of that window and—"

Suddenly Lucy crumpled down on the chaise longue and began to sob.

"I've made a mess of everything! I was so bored—I just wanted a little romance—and I really thought I was in love with Edgar. And now—"

She dabbed at her eyes with a scrap of handkerchief.

"Does Jay know?" Shannon asked steadily.

Lucy shook her head and brightened a little. "I'm sure he doesn't. And I denied everything to mother, of course. I don't think she was convinced. But it's Jay I'm thinking of. If he gets wind of this, it'll be terrible. He'll want to divorce me—and—oh, my God, what an idiot I've been!"

She threw herself down again on the cushions, but Shannon pulled her up firmly.

"Listen to me, Lucy. You've got to be sensible. Do you want to leave Jay for Kemp?"

"No—no!"

"Then you must have nothing more to do with him."

"I don't want to have! I talked to him before dinner. I know you don't like him, but he's really quite civilized, Shan. He'll drop around as usual, and be casual and pleasant, but—"

"Well, what?" As she spoke, Shannon felt like an older sister.

"Well, we had planned to go places. We were going on a picnic tomorrow, for one thing. I—I asked him to take you instead. Don't despise me, darling! I didn't know what to do."

Shannon thought for a moment. After all, she had nothing to lose! "I'll take him off your hands, if that's what you want—and if Edgar is agreeable, of course. Anything for a good cause!"

Lucy hugged her. "Dear, I don't know what to say. Certainly he'll be agreeable! He really likes you, Shannon."

"So long as he doesn't get demonstrative when we're alone, I think I can see it through," Shannon said matter-of-factly.

Lucy studied her face. Then she said abruptly: "Why doesn't

fool brother of mine do something about you? You're so lovely—and Ella is a walking political platform!"

While she lighted a cigarette she did not see Shannon's startled flush, nor note that her look became instantly guarded and proud.

"Byrn? He thinks I'm a brat," Shannon said. "And I think he's a stick."

Lucy laughed inattentively, her own situation already absorbing her again.

"Besides the picnic tomorrow, there's the Ramseys' party at Breezy Point on Tuesday night. And the Nelsons' dinner . . ."

Three evenings later, Jay Braddock drove home from Carthia at a snail's pace. They would be expecting him home—Byrn was coming out for dinner—but if he could only steal off into the woods for a few hours and thresh this wretched business out to some conclusion—His mind and heart were still smarting so from the revelation the afternoon had brought that he could not seem to assemble his wits.

Perhaps Maud Alphonse, the widow for whom he was making plans for a house in Carthia, had not realized what she was doing when she delicately tossed that bomb at him. Her gardenia-white hand had been soft over his, with a promise of consolation, a moment after the bomb had exploded.

HER words still rang in his ears: "Jay, my dear—you are so serious! But it's probably a matter of temperament. Lucy, for example, seems to be able to amuse herself in spite of everything."

"Lucy is a different sort, Maud. She takes life—"

"I know. And besides, she's living in her own home. I suppose that makes a difference. She can go and come as she pleases, while you've got to walk the straight and narrow. Not that I have any fault to find with Lucy, of course, though I do think she might be a little more discreet at times."

The moist voice was like the caress of a wet vine in a sudden hideous darkness.

"I haven't been aware of any indiscretion."

"I mean the way she goes around with Edgar Kemp."

Jay stiffened. "Kemp is a friend of the whole family!"

"Yes, of course. But—oh, I'm sorry, Jay. I didn't realize what I was saying. I—I thought you knew all about it and didn't care. Forgive me, my dear!"

It was then that she took his hand tenderly in hers.

He had had sense enough to laugh, thank God!

Lucy and Kemp—it was fantastic! The thing to do was to make a joke of the whole ridiculous business. Lucy would think it as funny as he himself did—now that his brain had cleared. And tomorrow he would treat Maud Alphonse with deft and good-humored tact, so that he might



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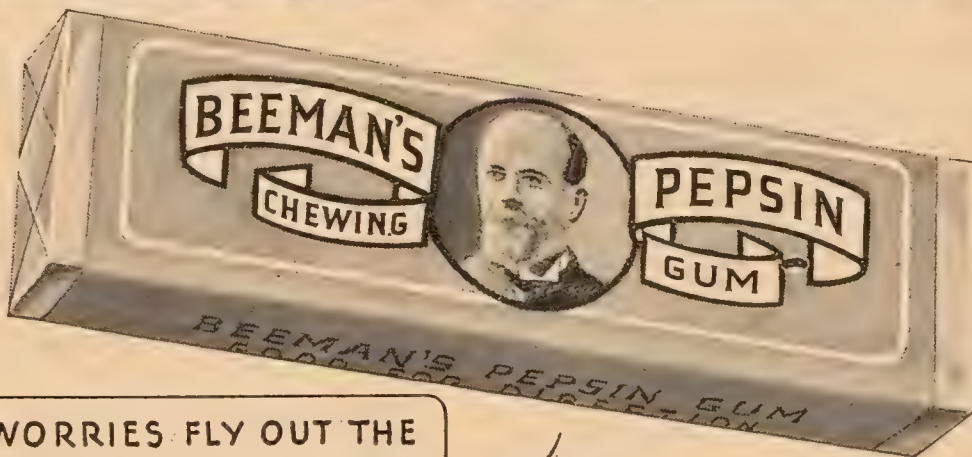
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still continue to regard himself as Jay Braddock, architect. . . .

Dressing in his room, after his swim, Byrn heard Jay's whistle as he mounted the porch steps and came into the house. It was good to hear. Jay was a changed man these days. He had lunched with him in town every day since Sunday, and his optimistic view of the future had been heartening.

From Jay, Byrn had learned that Shannon March had been with Edgar Kemp on a picnic on Sunday afternoon and again last night when they had gone to Breezy Point for dinner and dancing with the Ramseys. He felt definitely uneasy about that. Kemp was not the kind of man for a girl like Shannon March to be running around with. Not that he himself had any right to interfere, of course. He had done nothing to merit the girl's respect.

Besides, there was Ella Marston. Until very recently, he had given little thought to what life with Ella would mean. They had drifted toward marriage without talking about it. And it had not seemed so preposterous until Shannon came to Dawn Haven. Now it seemed positively indecent.

Dressed in gray flannels, he left his room and went downstairs. He could hear talk and laughter—Shannon's voice in gay response to Lucy's.

Byrn stepped into the living room. His mother was seated in a deep chair, knitting a red pull-over for Tommy. Donalda was stretched on the couch, the smoke from her cigarette seeming to be but a filmy continuation of her insubstantial fingertips. Lucy and Shannon were side by side on a little settee before the fireplace, turning the pages of a magazine.

At that moment Jay came in from the dining room with glasses of sherry on a tray.

Mrs. Pryor glanced up. "I'll have one of those myself, Jay. It's a relief to see you serving something fit to drink, for a change."

"HOW'D the work with the merry widow go this afternoon?" Byrn asked Jay when drinks had been passed around.

"The work will go ahead all right if I can only keep Maud Alphonse from raving," Jay grinned. "What do you s'pose she sprung on me this afternoon?"

"It's time Maud was beginning to make love to you, Jay," Donalda put in.

"Am I supposed to be jealous?" Lucy asked carelessly.

Jay sat down and began twirling his glass slowly in his fingers. "Maybe. She paved the way by telling me Edgar Kemp is sweet on you."

There was, for a split second, a silence in the room like that utter absence of sound after a top has ceased humming. Or so Byrn thought suddenly, though he couldn't imagine where the wild idea had come from. Startled, he looked across at Shannon. She was laughing. "I'm the one

who's supposed to be jealous!" she cried. "Didn't you tell her that Edgar and I have started keeping company?" She glanced about with a mischievously gamin expression.

"I told her nothing," Jay declared.

"Well, I think you should have told her plenty," Lucy said indignantly.

"Don't get excited, dear," Jay went on. "There's no use in flying off at a woman like Maud Alphonse."

Lucy's voice was prim: "I've never cared much for her. And I'm not very thrilled about your working for her, either."

"Oh, horse-collar!" Jay said negligently. "She's paying me well for the job, and I'm old enough to look after myself."

His eyes dwelt with a warm twinkle upon Shannon. If any doubts had lingered in his mind, they were dissipated now.

MRS. PRYOR had risen hastily, rolled her knitting into its bag, and placed it back of a cloisonné vase on the mantel. Her face looked curiously smaller, pale and inscrutable. Donalda, smiling obscurely at Byrn, tilted her glass and let the last drop of sherry fall on the carpet.

Dinner was announced. . . .

After the meal, Byrn accosted Shannon on the porch.

"I'm going to walk over to the Blodgett farm to look at a couple of saddle horses he has for sale," he said without preamble. "Would you like to come along—for the exercise?"

She lifted her head with that challenging little gesture which Byrn had come to regard as so dear—and so exasperating.

"You're not asking me because you think I need the exercise?"

"Certainly not! What of it?"

Shannon's laugh caught in her throat. "Of course—what of it? I'll go along, if you'll wait while I get my sweater."

When she returned, wearing her sweater of soft white wool, a plaited blue skirt, and flat-heeled shoes, she looked so much like an impudent little girl that Byrn grinned.

"All right, let's go," he said.

They set off along the shore, and stood for a moment while they looked out over the bloom of evening reflected from the western sky upon the porcelain-smooth water of the lake. Flame and magenta and iris blue, and a long sheaf of cool silver—the colors merged and changed mystically.

Byrn's mouth tightened; then he moved on and Shannon followed pensively.

A quarter of a mile up the shore, they turned away from the lake and entered the part of the Pryor forest that was called the "fern jungle." Although she had been here before alone and at dusk, the place made Shannon's flesh creep. Not far away there was a small swamp. A shrill threatening of frogs came from that direction now. Giant ferns grew waist-high. Their ghostly aquamarine pallor, in the depth of ancient trees which the sun rarely penetrated, gave

to the place a weird unearthly quality. Only when you looked straight overhead, along the grotesquely twisted boughs of venerable birches, could you see now a patch of sky with a cloud in it like a spur of fire. The chalk-white trunks of the birches, far up, were tinted pink as the heart of a conch shell.

A raccoon screamed, so near that Shannon jumped and almost toppled headlong across a snaggle of roots. Byrn gripped her arm and she recovered her balance immediately.

She laughed. "That's my idea of what the werewolf must sound like."

"We'll be out of this in a minute," he said and released her arm. "And we'll go back from Blodgett's by way of the road. This is worse than I thought. I used to prowl around here a lot when I was a kid."

The restraint between them seemed perceptibly to fall away. They were for the first time alone together where the tangled life at Dawn Haven could not reach them. Shannon looked at him walking ahead of her, and saw him as he must have been when, as a little boy, he had stalked lurking monsters in this wilderness.

On a bit of high ground he waited until she was beside him. "What's all this business about you and Edgar Kemp?" he asked her abruptly.

Her face was suddenly flooded with color. "Why—I went to Breezy Point with him last night—and Sunday I—"

"I know damn well you don't like the guy!"

"He's rather nice. At first I thought he was conceited; but—well, he's really a lonely person, when you get to know him. Besides, he knows lots of influential people in the city. He may be of use to me when I leave here and have to find another job."

For a moment Byrn could not frame a response. He felt as a man must whose hands are tied and who sees something infinitely precious slipping away.

"I see," he said at length as they

started off together. "That's your only reason for going around with him?"

"What other reason could I have?"

Byrn considered for a moment. He knew that Shannon was not telling him the whole truth. She had despised Edgar Kemp from the first day she had met him. She despised him still. What was behind this make-believe?

He realized suddenly that until tonight he had been too preoccupied with his own affairs to acknowledge that the whole fabric of life at Dawn Haven had become one of falsehood and hypocrisy. And now Shannon March was being drawn into its insidious web.

"LOOK here," he said finally. "I'm not going to let you do this. I'm not quite clear on what it is you're doing, but I'm not going to let you—whatever it is!"

Shannon laughed. "You don't know how funny that sounded. You're not clear on what I'm doing, but you're not going to—"

"It isn't a bit funny to me," he interrupted. "I might insist on knowing more about it, but that wouldn't get me anywhere. I have my own ideas, though. The point is, I'm not going to have you mixed up in the crazy doings around the house. Let them handle their own affairs."

"I won't interfere," she replied.

He turned suddenly and grasped her. "Shannon!" He was wrung with longing.

The very strength of the emotion, in this place and at this moment, made him frankly afraid of himself.

What will the heart-tortured Byrn say to Shannon now? His political and social future at stake, will he commit himself to a course of action that will imperil both? It is a critical moment. For its fateful decision you must get and read the next issue of Liberty.

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my brains are
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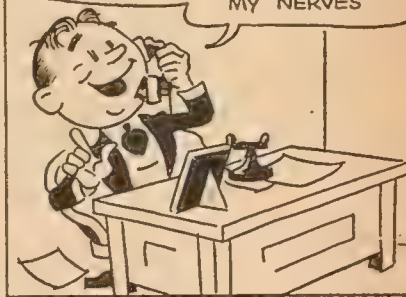


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HELL IN THE HOLY LAND

"Charge for the Guns!"—Neby Samwil, Key to Zion—"You Can't Shell Jerusalem"... The Epic Story of Allenby's "Last Crusade"

by **LOWELL THOMAS**
with **KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS**

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

ARRIVING and taking command, Allenby made elaborate preparations to attack Gaza, the seacoast end of the Turks' thirty-mile fortified line. But Todd Gilney (still telling this story to Mr. Thomas) found himself ordered to photograph from the air that line's other end, inland at Beersheba. So the general's preparations were a feint. During one of Todd's camera flights, Major Sternman, in another plane, was beset by three Fokkers and driven far westward, out of sight. His comrades gave him up for dead or captured, but three days later he reappeared inside the British lines, naked and in torment from thirst, hunger, sunburn, and insect bites. He had come down in the Mediterranean, swum ashore, and manfully endured these things while making his way beyond Turkish territory.

Private Benson brought Todd a package from England that looked like either candy or cigars—and knocked him out with a bootjack just in time to keep him from opening it and exploding the bomb in it. Benson ventured the opinion that Todd hadn't heard the last of the Countess Warbuta.

Allenby bombarded Gaza for four days, during which his army swung in toward Beersheba, where it "caught the Turks flat-footed." Beersheba taken, the Gaza-Jerusalem road was severed and Falkenhayn, his forces cut in two, was compelled to evacuate Gaza and begin a retreat.

The "crusaders" were now in the Holy Land, with the Holy City ahead of them.

PART FIVE—"WHERE ONE HAD WALKED BEFORE"

TODD GILNEY continues his story:
Mughar Hill was a madhouse!

All I can think of, Lowell, when I recall that fight, is the "sound of many horses running to battle." The horse had proved his usefulness at Beersheba, but *Mughar Hill was the greatest cavalry battle of modern times*--probably of all time.

The fighting was bitter! Johnny Turk was making his last stand at the border of the land of the Philistines. If he failed, he would have to abandon Jaffa. He would have to give up Hebron. And that wasn't all. Falkenhayn



The first surrender of Jerusalem—to two Tommies! They're wearing sun helmets. The mayor has a cane.

would have to form his new line far to the north, along the route from the coast north of Jaffa to Jerusalem. We would sweep up the maritime plain and the foothills of the Shephelah; nothing could stop us short of Gezer—the ancient doorway to the Holy City itself.

We won, but the victory cost us plenty. Mughar Hill was on the far end of a vast plain, and was defended by cactus hedges, worse than the terrors of Gaza. We had to charge across the plain. There was no cover except the dry river beds, and they made things worse. The Wadi Janis was a deep gash in the earth; the sides were slippery; the fall to the bottom was precipitous. Horses had to be shoved into it, had to be pulled out—one at a time. As we emerged on the far side in single file, the Turkish artillery loosed a torrent of death.

The slaughter was terrible! The confusion was appalling! Horses milled around; they reared and kicked. Billjims shoved and cursed!

Clouds of dust blurred the troopers' eyes, clogged their throats, and parched their tongues. Men dropped. Horses crashed into the ravine on the heads of men and other horses struggling to get out. My pack mule slipped as he went into the wadi, and that ended my usefulness as a communications officer for the time being.

The mule landed fair and square on the top of the field wireless set, which broke into smithereens. I was furious, but Hog Hampshire was pathetic. That set was his pride and joy. He sat right down in the rocky bottom of the wadi and cried like a baby.

But not for long; he jumped to his feet, rage in his eyes. "Smash my wireless set, will you, you Turkish dogs! I'll get the blighter that did that!"

Hampshire was strong. He wrestled his horse up the bank—almost carried it up. He grabbed a saber from beside the body of a hussar.

"Come on, Benson!" he yelled. "What are you waiting for?"

"Nothing," said Benson. "Let's go."

Captain Bulteel's squadron led the advance at a rapid trot. The three of us joined him. The Turks were on a



ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

"It's hard for a man on a horse to slash a man standing in a trench. I tried. I swung at a big Turk—and missed."

ridge more than half a mile away. About halfway there, the captain gave the order, "Charge!"

It was magnificent! The horses broke into a dead gallop; a myriad of hoofs thundered across the plain. Machine guns opened up along the ridge; the diabolical *ha-ha-ha-ha* of high-speed firing chattered in our ears. Rifles barked, artillery roared, bullets whined all about us, but we only sank our spurs deeper into the flanks of our horses and leaped to the attack.

Benson rode at my side, but Hog Hampshire was flying along in front, revenge in his heart. I saw Benson wince; he was shot through the arm. Major de Rothschild dropped from his saddle—within sight of a little Jewish settlement that his family had founded.

He was dead, but we couldn't stop. Speed was our only protection; it made us difficult targets for the Turks.

A second of hesitation would be fatal. On we went, faster and faster.

My horse leaped a cactus bush; the thorns tore at my boots. There was a con-

fused blur right in front of my nose—a burst of flame and a noise like the crash of doom! It was a Turkish machine gun firing at point-blank range. Two bullets whipped through the sleeve of my tunic, and we were on top of the trenches, sabers swinging.

It's hard for a man on a horse to reach far enough below him to slash a man who is standing in a trench. I tried. I swung at a big Turk—and missed.

He dropped his machine gun, grabbed a rifle, and lunged up at me with the bayonet. But the thrust never got home. Hog Hampshire came from somewhere, the whole two hundred and fifty pounds of him. He launched himself from his saddle. An avalanche of human flesh hit the Turk below and flattened him like a pancake.

The Turks had enough—all along the ridge. They surrendered. Hog Hampshire came out of the trench dragging the man who had tried to kill me. He announced that this was his "personal prisoner."

"What are you going to do with him?" I asked in amazement.

IN this installment of our story Allenby's army wins one of the great cavalry battles of history. To dislodge the Turks from the heights of El Mughar, Allenby ordered a charge. In spite of a sheet of Turkish lead and steel that swept the plain, the Bucks, the Berks, and the Dorsets didn't stop until they had driven the Turkish army from the heights. In that battle Neil Primrose (son of Lord Rosebery), Major de Rothschild, and many courageous Jews from the British Isles were killed.

After the battle I visited the near-by modern Jewish colony of Rishon l'Zion. The colonists told me of the desperate time they had been having under Turkish rule. In addition to the baksheesh they had to give the Turks, they had a plague of cholera. After that, typhus. And locusts, myriads of which came, darkening the skies, devouring even the cactus. The colonists buried millions in zinc boxes, but there were so many that this had little effect. Only a miracle kept them from destroying every green thing in the Holy Land. Suddenly and providentially, great flocks of storks from the south cleaned them up.

For "Turkish rule" and those plagues, substitute Arab hostility, and you will have some idea of what many Jews in the Holy Land are enduring today. And, despite the British mandate, it does look as if only a miracle there could indefinitely avert—heaven knows what!

--LOWELL THOMAS.

ing—"fix my wireless set," said Hog. The cavalry had captured the position along—her outfit had lost as heavily as you might—ted; we had moved too fast. But the sabers of—ns had taken a ghastly toll. Turkish dead with—ads lay all over the place. I helped Hampshire—ge Benson's arm.

The next goal was Ekron. It was easy. The Turks held it for the night, but when they heard the story of Mughar Hill they moved—moved backward—fast! We swept into Junction Station on the Turks' Jaffa-Jerusalem railroad. We captured forty-five cars, two big guns mounted on trucks, and two engines. That was priceless!

And Hampshire was delighted. If he couldn't have a wireless set to play with, a locomotive would do. And he knew a lot about steam engines; he had learned it at sea when he had belonged to the "black gang" in the engine room of a steamship.

We needed that rolling stock—but the Turks didn't intend to let us get it away. They had left the engines dry and smashed the water tanks before abandoning the station. Now they opened up with their artillery. Shells crashed all over the railroad yards.

Hampshire ducked through the smoke following an explosion, hopped into the control cab of an engine, and looked it over. "Nothing busted!" he yelled. "Find something that will hold water and fill her up!"

The station had been stripped. We couldn't find a thing except a five-gallon jug. It would hold quite a bit, but the opening was so small that the jug itself took forever to fill. Somebody else found a washbasin.

A GANG of troopers went to work. Other Billjims were filling the second engine, using cooking kettles and empty wine bottles. There was only one spigot; everybody had to wait their turn on the water supply. I thought we would never finish—and any second the Turks might break up the party with a well aimed shell.

They tried, and they had no excuse for failure. It took us five hours to fill the two locomotives and get up steam, so they had ample time. After that Johnny Turk had the doubtful pleasure of watching his trains roll out of the station. We parked them in a narrow cut where the guns couldn't reach them and plowed ahead.

General Cox's brigade seized Ramleh and Ludd, and the Turks evacuated Jaffa without a struggle.

They had no choice. Our wedge up the Judean foothills had completely isolated them. They had to leave—and that showed the fine hand of Bull Allenby. His plans were clicking. He had won Jaffa without losing a man, which is the supreme mark of military genius.

Just before we took Ramleh I heard the *whish* of a throttled airplane and saw a DH sliding into a landing. It was Elton. The R. A. F. had a temporary field in a pasture; they were about to raid a Turkish airdrome be-

hind Ramleh. I didn't have any orders for what I did next—but then, I hadn't had any orders for anything for the past ten days.

"Take me along," I said.

Elton grinned. "Righto—but it may be a hot party. You'll have to handle the Lewis gun."

He loaded his bomb racks and we took off. Lieutenant Peter Drummond followed us leading a formation of five Nieuports for protection. His scouts were all doing double duty; they carried baby bombs.

We flew northeast. Gezer, guardian of the Vale of Ajalon, was off to our left. It sits on a ridge jutting out from the Judean hills. It is high and commanding, and the ancient key to Jerusalem.

History has surged past the base of Gezer. It was the citadel of King Hiram of the Canaanites. Pharaoh gave it to Solomon. Judas Maccabaeus captured Gezer; Simon fortified it; Saladin was defeated there.

The passes into the Judean hills behind Gezer are narrow and tortuous; they have seldom been forced in history. One machine gun mounted in a cleft in the rocks could prevent the advance of five hundred men. As I looked down I felt a grim foreboding of the difficulties ahead. If we ever gave the Turks time to dig in among that maze of mountain passes, we were licked.

Elton wobbled his wings to attract my attention. Five thousand feet below us was the Turkish airdrome. Five airplanes sat on the ground. What were they doing down there instead of "upstairs" at a time like this when the Turk needed all the aerial protection he could get?

Elton nosed over into a glide. We came lower, and I understood why the planes were on the ground: It was moving day. The Turks were abandoning this field and falling back; the pilots had landed to pack their belongings and load them on trucks.

Wagons and trucks churned around the field. A line of Turks heaved bundles and boxes into the conveyances and went back for more. They were so busy that they didn't see us yet; there was so much noise from automobile exhausts that they didn't hear our throttled motors.

A Turk sentry looked up. What happened next was funny—for us. Down on that flying field all was turmoil. "Some cried one thing, and some another; for the assembly was confused." Everybody dropped everything and ran six ways at once.

We dived into that mess—and left it a shambles. Flaming bombs destroyed the five planes and wrecked most of the trucks and wagons. Our machine guns mowed down the pilots and the drivers. We didn't lose a plane; we hardly got a scratch.

We went home and landed. I thanked Elton for the ride; the aerial view had given me a much better idea of the problems ahead. And they were grave. Our only chance to force the passes of the Judean hills was to hit them fast. We did! The entire army swung right, like a gate; it faced the foothills of the Shephelah and without a second's hesitation moved ahead and up.

It was tough climbing. The heat of the plains below gave way to the winter rains of Judea. It was cold. I had one thin blanket; Benson and Hampshire had one



"When Allenby entered the Holy City, he walked. 'How could it be otherwise,' said he simply, 'where One had walked before?'"

between them. We pooled the coverings and slept together out in the open. There were stone houses around belonging to the natives, but we didn't dare use them. This was enemy territory, and cutting a sleeping soldier's throat is easy.

The rains seldom stopped; the mud was a foot deep. The going was cruel—but I was happy.

Jerusalem the golden lay just ahead!

And Hampshire was happy—he had another wireless set. That enabled me again to be some help to the communications service.

The Turks were in the monastery of Latron. We drove them out. Saris was next, and it was a nightmare. The road to the village rises nearly fifteen hundred feet in four miles. It was pouring rain and cold; the troops were in cotton shirts and shorts. The Turks had snipers on every hill, machine guns behind every rock. We couldn't drive them out from the front; we had to surround every gun and rush it from the flanks.

We took Saris.

Enab is two miles from Saris and all but impregnable. It might have stopped us, but there was a providential fog, under cover of which the Somersets were able to approach unseen. They drove the Turks from Enab at the point of the bayonet.

Next came the hill Neby Samwil—where Richard of the Lion Heart knelt and prayed, "May I never see Thy Holy City, if it so be that I may not rescue it from the hands of Thine enemies."

THE Turkish defenses before Jerusalem were a series of fortified mountains to delight the heart of any general. Neby Samwil was their key point. General Maclean's brigade rushed the steep slope in the teeth of artillery and machine-gun fire. But no men could weather *that* storm; the attack withered; the Turks threw us back. The Tommies waited until after dark and tried again. This time they did not fail.

Neby Samwil was ours! We spent a cold night up there, impatiently awaiting the dawn. Then, Lowell—

I saw Jerusalem!

That view was worth all the hardship it had cost. It buoyed our spirits, and Falkenhayn knew it. He had no intention of letting us keep Neby Samwil. He turned all his big guns on the crest; he launched a counter-attack, a second thrust, a third.

Three times he failed.

Maclean's boys were magnificent; they hurled the Turks back and we kept Neby Samwil. But the things that happened next were heartbreaking! Maddening.

They couldn't be avoided because Allenby was determined to surround Jerusalem and force its surrender *without subjecting any of the holy places to bombardment*. Falkenhayn knew that. He took advantage of it. He concentrated his entire army against our left flank.

The Turkish stand was magnifi-



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cent. The fighting was hammer and tongs—on a dozen mountains and in twenty passes, all at the same time. There was no respite for days. We won here; we lost there. As fast as we took one strong point, Johnny Turk held us up at the next.

The Billjims caught hell! The only place where the horses could make any headway was up the valleys of streams, and there the snipers in the hills knocked them off. They were subjected to crossfire. If a trooper got a rock between himself and one sniper, another would get him. The mounted troops had their bitterest fight around Beth-horon—where Joshua defeated the Canaanites on that extra-long day.

We couldn't crush the Turkish left. We were held up for ten solid days, during which any ordinary city could have been captured again and again. A few well placed shells would have done the trick—but, *Lowell, you can't shell Jerusalem.*

Supply was becoming a problem. The rains were heavier; the roads worse. Something had to be done. The staff held a conference. Allenby formulated a new plan. If he couldn't force the Turk defenses north of Jerusalem, he would try the south. The first I heard of it was when a runner slogged up with orders: Captain Gilney was to "proceed to Hebron by air and report to the chief of communications."

Hebron was the right flank of the army and a long way over. I couldn't take Benson and Hampshire in an airplane. I wrote a pass for each of them. I said, "You've each got a horse and a head. Work your way around behind the lines. You'll find me sooner or later."

I reported to the nearest airdrome. It was a dinky little clearing; it didn't seem big enough to allow a loaded plane to take off. I said so.

"I take it you haven't seen our new Bristol fighters," said Lieutenant Jamieson, my pilot. "They'll take off from a back yard, and maybe they aren't bad news for Johnny Turk!"

THE Bristol was a sweet bus, Lowell. We hopped over the olive trees with room to spare; it was just like going up in an elevator. My pilot headed southeast and I settled to watch the scenery. He cut his motor and yelled back, "Want to try out that Lewis gun?"

"At what?"

"There's a pair of Taubes over there. See 'em?"

I did. But just at that second the Taubes saw us. And did they run! The Taubes had a long head start; chasing them was carrying us far off our course. We circled back toward Hebron and landed.

I tried to report; I couldn't. The division had already moved up the road toward Bethlehem.

"You'll find them camped at Solomon's Pools," said an officer.

In the morning the weather was vile. We took off in an interval between rainstorms. The visibility was

poor; the ground below was foggy in patches. We flew north. Through a hole in the soup we saw Welsh troopers watering horses. That would be the division. About two miles to the west Jamieson spotted a field. He throttled down and glided in for a landing.

The wheels touched the ground—and a Turkish machine gun opened up at the far end of the field. Bullets buzzed around us. One splintered a strut; another tore a gash in the fabric of the fuselage beside me.

We had landed in Turkish territory by mistake. Had the Turk gunner waited until we rolled to a stop he would have had us cold. As it was, Jamieson jammed on his throttle and we were off the ground again in ten seconds.

AT the end of the field Jamieson banked over and pointed down. He pulled his trigger finger suggestively; he pointed at the Lewis gun—but I already knew what he wanted. I could see the Turk behind a stone wall. I watched my tracers; a burst of a dozen bullets plowed into him. He curled up in a heap.

Jamieson started south to look for a field that he could be sure was behind our lines. He didn't need to. That machine gun below us had been the last Turkish rear guard. Now that it was silenced, Welsh troopers poured across the clearing. Five minutes later we landed safely in the same field.

That night the Welshmen chased the Turks out of a carefully prepared position on a hill called Sherifieh. Then they held the ridge of Sherifieh all night in the pouring rain without any rations and without any coats. It was miserable—but the next goal was *Bethlehem*, and the thought of actually entering the birthplace of the Prince of Peace on the morrow was enough to repay us for our hardships.

But our entry wasn't destined to be made so soon. There were obstacles. The Turks had seven mountain guns in the gardens of a big house in the southern outskirts of Bethlehem, and "there was war in the gates." The guns slowed down our advance for the balance of the day.

However, Johnny Turk had no intention of making a stand in Bethlehem; he was retreating to Jerusalem. The next night volunteer patrols found the town deserted.

At dawn a silent army that trod softly in awe and reverence entered "Bethlehem of Judea." I walked down into the crypt below the Church of the Nativity and stood reverently beside the silver star set into the floor which marks the spot where Mary "brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger."

We swept on toward Jerusalem, and left Colonel Camp—a Yankee from Ohio—as military governor of Bethlehem. Camp was the first Christian to hold authority over that city since the time of the crusaders, and he had his hands full.

Our center was now on Lifta Hill—in sight of the western walls of Jerusalem. A corporal named Train is going to get a Victoria Cross for his work over that way.

Two Turkish machine guns and some riflemen were dug in close to Ain Karim. Their fire was deadly; it held up an entire brigade. The brigadier was getting ready to send a whole company to take the position from the flank when Train and a lad named Thornhill crept close in the face of a deluge of fire. It was a miracle that they weren't hit. With bullets biting the dirt all around him, Train took careful aim. He fired a rifle grenade and scored a perfect hit on one machine gun. Then he calmly picked off the gun crew, one at a time. He finished in time to help Thornhill wipe out the other gun. The advance went on.

Our division approached Jerusalem from the south. The opposition was spotty; the Turkish army couldn't be everywhere at once. It was obvious that Falkenhayn was now in a position where he would have to retreat.

We were busy with a hand-to-hand bayonet fight with a Turkish rear guard—"nigh to Bethphage and Bethany, at the mount called the mount of Olives." The battle lasted until dark. In the morning the Turks were gone. Then we got the glad news—but the manner of its happening sounds like fiction.

The Sixtieth Division was on the other side of the city; they were cockneys from London. Although the surrender of the Holy City was imminent, army life had to go on, and that included eating. Before dawn Major Bain sent his cook and a kitchen helper to forage for eggs for breakfast. The two Tommies got lost; they wandered on to a broad highroad; they rounded a bend.

JUST then a party of men came down the road. One of them carried a white flag. Another rode a horse and wore a red fez. He was the Arab mayor of Jerusalem.

The Turks had fled during the night; the mayor was coming out to surrender the city to Allenby's army. The first British soldiers he saw were the two Tommies. The mayor didn't know anything about army rank; any British uniform was the symbol of Britain's might as far as he was concerned. He made an eloquent speech and surrendered the Holy City—to a cockney cook and a kitchen mechanic.

That was too deep for the cook. "We don't want the surrender of the 'Oly City, sir," he said. "All we wants is heggs for our hofficer."

That didn't end it, Lowell. The two soldiers reported the incident to their major. He took the news to his brigade commander, General Watson. Every general in the army would have given his right arm for the honor of accepting the surrender. General Watson didn't say a word to anybody higher up. He sent the major and his cook to locate the mayor and arrange for the whole thing to be done over

again—then rode into Jerusalem with his staff.

The whole population of the city turned out to receive General Watson. Flags waved; people cheered wildly. The mayor made another eloquent speech; General Watson made a speech—and the thing was official—so Watson thought and the over-worked mayor hoped.

Not a bit of it. Watson's divisional commander was Major General Sir John Shea. Shea was Irish; nobody was going to put anything over on him. He sent word to the mayor that he would arrive the next day to receive the "surrender" of Jerusalem. The mayor had to go through it again.

General Shea then reported to Allenby. The commander in chief calmly ignored the previous "surrenders" and set a day when he would officially enter the Holy City. Of course Allenby's entrance was the only one that counted—but the mayor wished he had known that in advance.

The people were so glad to see our British uniforms that it was pitiful. The Turks had taken all the available food and paid for it in worthless paper money. The people were starving.

The population took to Allenby from the start; they couldn't help it. They are used to triumphant entries, but this one was different. The Kaiser of Germany visited here some years before the war. They couldn't get his automobile through the gates, so they knocked an ugly breach in the historic walls to allow his procession to pass.

But when Allenby entered the Holy City he walked.

Somebody asked him why.

"How could it be otherwise," said Allenby simply, "where One had walked before?"

Todd Gilney paused for a moment. Through the window of the little room in Jerusalem we could see the dawn breaking in the east. At the same time there came a dull rumble and a prolonged succession of ominous crashes.

"Do you know what that is?" asked Todd. "That's our guns. They are roaring away at Johnny Turk from beyond the Garden of Gethsemane on the Mount of Olives.

"No, Lowell, just because we have taken the Holy City, we must not fool ourselves into thinking that this war is over. It isn't! Samaria, the city of Nazareth, and all of Syria are still in Turkish hands.

"We have made a good beginning, but while the Turks are this side of Damascus we can't be sure that they won't strike back. We've got to chase them completely out of the Holy Land.

"And we will!"

Remember "a man named Lawrence" whom Todd went to see? Of course it was Lawrence of Arabia—and in next week's installment you will meet him in Jerusalem! Then, with Mr. Thomas himself, you will watch Lawrence and Sherif Feisal and their Arab hordes campaign, gloriously, against the hated Turks in Mecca and Medina and Aqaba.

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Sergeant's

SKIP-FLEA SOAP AND POWDER

LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED BY MAJOR BOWES



MAJOR BOWES

GREETINGS, amateur family!

This week I want to say a word about the gratifying response to the voting and the many fine letters that have come in, praising the work of our amateurs.

The deep wholehearted applause that you have bestowed upon our page has been greatly appreciated. Often we have forwarded letters to contestants so that they, too, may share in the joy of this justly deserved praise for their efforts.

Many of you, in sending your own contributions, have been gracious enough to write me of a particular story, or poem, or cartoon that pleased you. This great spirit of honesty and sincerity has been one of the real pleasures of this work. It is a pity that we cannot enter into correspondence with all of you, but may I take this opportunity to say that your letters are read, understood, and appreciated? Please regard this as a sincere, if somewhat inadequate, acknowledgment of the many kind letters you have sent us.

Major Edward Bowes.

Of the ten bright sayings Italia Kingcade of Miami, Florida, has sent in, I have chosen two which I think are the cleverest.

Every generation gets wiser but not to themselves.

People are either passing the buck or snatching it.

Fourteen-year-old Prudence Myer of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, submits for this week's contest a pleasant bit of imaginary verse:

NIGHT

*The night is a velvet blackness,
And the street lamps smoky pearls,
Shedding no light, yet shattering the
pattering, dripping rain
Into a thousand sparkles on the
windshield.
The headlights of the oncoming cars
Make a silver ribbon of the curb-
stone,
And the houses loom shapeless be-
yond their light.
We shall be home soon,
And the yellow square of light that
we see from the road
Will blossom into the room
With its beautiful familiar things.
But till then the night is velvet and
black.*

Wally Bissette of Rockport, Massachusetts, submits a very comical cartoon.



"Cling close to me, m' lord, and we'll try a little truckin'!"

An intriguing storiette is submitted by Carl H. May of Spartanburg, South Carolina.

UNDER THE GREEN CLOTH

It was midnight in bustling Chicago. A curtained cab drove up slowly to a deserted alley on the Gold Coast. A man stepped from the shadow of a rambling building and hopped into the cab. He carried a strange-shaped object wrapped in a green cloth.

As the cab moved slowly toward Michigan Boulevard, the passenger frequently entreated the driver to be careful. The cab had almost reached the boulevard when the passenger spoke to the driver excitedly:

"Stop! We must go back. I have forgotten something."

But it was too late. A curtained touring car, coming up from behind, overtook them and cut in ahead, blocking their way. The cab stopped with a screeching of brakes. Three masked men leaped from the touring car. The light from a street lamp gleamed upon the barrels of three revolvers. The men surrounded the cab as the driver slowly raised his hands. One of the three jerked open the cab door.

"Whatta you got there?" he growled, pointing to the package in the passenger's hands. "Uncover that bundle!"

The passenger reluctantly pulled away the green cloth.

Three men, whose guns glistened threateningly, leaned forward to get a glimpse of the object. For a moment they glared intently at it and then drew back with a look of disgust and chagrin. Jamming their pistols into their pockets, the three left, cursing. One of them muttered as they turned away, "Hell, I thought it was the cashier with the dough."

The passenger slowly replaced the green cloth around The Angel, a bust of imitation white marble.

"Go on to Michigan Boulevard," the cashier told the driver, as he gently shook The Angel to reassure himself that the day's receipts of the theater were still safely inside.

Ten-year-old Gloria Thorsen of Minneapolis, Minnesota, puts her sadness over the loss of her pet into words. Her contribution is filled with genuine feeling, expressed vividly in simple childish fashion.

LOST—A DOG

*Lost—a dog that I do love.
Lost—those eyes that I do love.
Lost—those feet and little heart.
Finders, keepers; losers, weepers.*

*Yes, a loser and a weeper—that's
what I am now,
Because the dog I love so much is
gone.*

*Lost—those little ears and mouth.
Lost—that kindly look and bark.
Lost to those that do not love him
Half as much as I do.*

*Yes, a loser and a weeper—that's
what I am now,
Because the dog I love so much is
gone.*

Here is a touching storiette which demonstrates how hopeful is the spark of life. Annie Edwards, Norfolk, Virginia, is the contributor.

LET'S TRY AGAIN

They made a beautiful picture as they sat at the small table in the bare room, dark heads bent zealously over their letters, a kerosene lamp flickering between them. The mother, with tight lips and tired eyes wrote quickly, defiantly:

"This is the end. I am tired."

She smiled wearily.

For months and months she had tramped the streets looking for work. Always nothing. Now the meager savings were gone. Hope. Courage. Desire to live. Everything.

She had decided today. Plugged windows, a turn of the gas jet, peace.

She glanced up quickly at her small daughter and hated herself for being a coward.

The child wrote slowly, laboriously, the upper part of an "E." Then, turning the pencil slowly, she made the lower half backward, forming an "S."

She threw the pencil down and her eyes filled with angry tears.

"I can't write my name!" she cried. "I've tried and tried."

Her mother rose quickly with a smile on her face.

"Don't say can't, darling," she said softly. "You must always try again. Come, let mother show you."

She held the small hand holding the pencil, moving it slowly, tracing an "E."

"Did you ever hear the story of the Scottish king who six times led his men into battle and six times lost?" she asked.

Her voice was soft and warm as she talked and a far-away look came into her eyes.

Jim had always told her that story when a trying situation had caused her to flare up.

She could hear his kind voice as he chided her for being a baby. She could see his large hands as he helped her try again. Jim was dead. But...

Hot tears stung her eyes, spilled over. She brought her thoughts back, quickly continued the story of the defeated king who learned about patience from a spider.

Her eyes were bright and wet as she finished the story and a soft smile was on her lips.

"Let's try again," she whispered. "Shall we?"

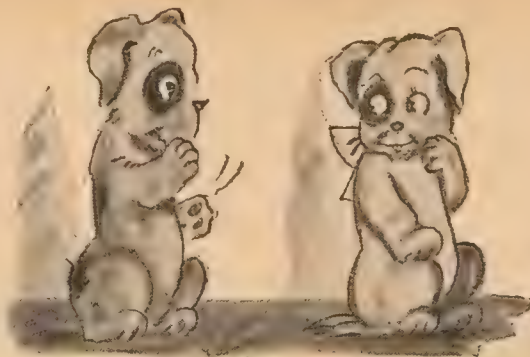
They made a beautiful picture as they sat at the small table in the bare room, dark heads bent zealously over their letters. The mother with a smile wrote happily:

"Tomorrow I'll try again."

The child wrote slowly, laboriously, the upper part of an "E." Then, more slowly, the lower part. She squealed with delight as she surveyed the perfect "E."

The lamp flickered, casting happy and contented shadows on the walls of the shabby room they still called "home."

An amusing sketch of a pair of cute puppies is this week's entry of Hubert Wilson of Santa Monica, California.



"Come on over to my house! I'd like you to see my itchings!"

Miss M. M. Crispell of Marcy, New York, in submitting her poem, says, "I am a young woman of thirty, a stenographer by profession but at present laid up with a broken ankle and no income. A friend brought me a copy of Liberty" . . . and so latent talent again has a chance.

ALONE

*Alone I seem, yet what can be
These fingers touching mine?
Alone? Yet whose the eyes I see
So clear; those lips divine
That pour their sweetness over me
In dim reality?*

*Alone I seem, yet whence would come
Such dreams, if you weren't near?
Alone? And yet your voice the one
Through all the years I hear
O'er other sounds. Till life be done
I'll sense your constancy.*

*Alone I seem, yet on my hair
There seems to fall a kiss.
Alone? Yet steps upon the stair
Sound surer now . . . Is this
The peak of my imaginings,
Or are you really there?*

Ruth E. Steeves of Vancouver, British Columbia, is seventeen years old and writes that she inherited her talent for sketching. Her entry is filled with action. A splendid pen-and-ink drawing.



"Ride 'im, cowboy!"

Helen Ann Neary of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in a brief poem suggests a modern treatment for hopeless love.

MERCY

*I had a love,
A fragile love,
Too frail to live,
Too tired to die.
And so I took
My hopeless love,
And poisoned it
With just one lie.*

HONORABLE MENTION

This week honorable mention goes to Rachel Kurtz, Wyoming, Pa.; Marjorie Ryland Smith, Stockton, Calif.; Mary Elizabeth Boardman, Roxbury, Mass.; Bob Parvin, Los Angeles, Calif.; E. M. Cahall, Philadelphia, Pa.; Billy Taylor, Orangeville, Ont.; Mrs. Paul M. Bernard, Potosi, Mo.; and Mari B. Roberts, Roanoke, Va., for their poems; and to Margaret Sander, Seattle, Wash., for her quip. For their cartoons Merna Amick, Chicago, Ill.; Bob Allen, Pontiac, Mich.; and Joseph Ranieri, Binghamton, N. Y., win honorable mention, as also does Wm. E. Balderman, Waynesboro, Va., for his short story.

PRIZE WINNERS, JUNE 6

Your votes this week give Bessie Leach Hayden, Talladega, Ala., the first prize of \$25 for her Wheel of Fortune. Ten dollars goes to Miss Jesse A. Einfeldt, Brooklyn, N. Y., for her short story, Taking Inventory. Third prizes of \$5 each go to Marguerite N. Speed, New York City, for her short story, Phantom Crook; Mrs. S. M. Grimes, Brazil, Ind., for her poem, A Portrait; and Henry Fitzgerald of Abington, Mass., for his cartoon. Congratulations to you all.

RULES

CONTESTANTS: Only bona fide amateurs are eligible to submit material. Amateurs can send in short stories, verses, quips, epigrams, jingles, bright sayings, jokes, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—anything.

Send material to:

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE
Major Edward Bowes, Editor,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

PLAGIARISM: Copying is called plagiarism, and plagiarism is literary theft. Any one submitting a plagiarized article through the mails and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor is guilty of the federal offense of using the mails to defraud. Liberty's Amateur Contest begins anew each week, with similar prizes and awards.

PRIZES: Each amateur whose work appears on these pages will receive \$5.

KEEP CARBON COPIES: Liberty will not return rejected material, nor can the editors enter into correspondence regarding contributions.

Liberty acquires rights of all kinds in all material published on these pages.

VOTERS!

ADDITIONAL AWARDS BY READERS' VOTES: A first prize of \$25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; \$10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and \$5 each for the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue.

Send votes by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Edward Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

TO THE

Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

OUR fashion for female skinniness was a trick played and won by old girls smart enough to realize that only the young can be plump and pretty at the same time. . . . Japanese geisha girls, more man-wise than any other women of the Orient, are leading the Eastern revolt for feminine independence. . . . One of the saving graces of America is the fact that our mechanical improvements don't always work.

The ideas quoted above come from Jean Cocteau, French poet, playwright, and traveler. He's an old friend of mine. He was here a few weeks ago, on his way around the world following the eighty-day route of Jules Verne.

Cocteau is to France what Eugene O'Neill and H. L. Mencken and Edna St. Vincent Millay would be to America if you could imagine them all wrapped up together in one personality. In New York he was overjoyed to find that a letter, mailed to him from a letter box only four blocks away, took three days to reach him. That proves, he said, that we haven't been swamped entirely by efficiency.

After all these years since Jules Verne wrote his famous book, Cocteau finds that an eighty-day trip around the world still demands nearly the same itinerary specified by Verne. Many people have said it can be done in forty days. It can't. Not with all the points covered, all the sights seen. It still takes eighty.

It tickles Cocteau to think that any real knowledge of the world cannot be hurried. He's coming back in a few months to stay here and get acquainted with America. I predict he may be our next Noel Coward.

● Jean V. Koree, a mechanical engineer of my acquaintance, has invented a splendid reducing exercise that requires no equipment more costly or elaborate than an ordinary deck of fifty-two playing cards. You take the pack and throw it wildly so that the cards scatter all over your room. Now you walk to the nearest card, you bend over, you pick it up, and you place it on your table or bureau. Then you move on to the next card, and the next, and so on. You bend to pick up each card. That's the system. By the time you have reassembled the whole deck, you will have performed fifty-two reachings and bendings. Do this two or three times a day and you won't need any self-denying diet.

● The primness of Puritan wifehood holds out against modern influence with almost unbelievable tenacity in some New England circles. A girl from a Massachusetts town told me the following true story: She is the eldest of the *ten* children her mother already has had. Recently



JEAN COCTEAU

the girl said "yes" to a young man, then talked with her mother about the prospective date for the wedding. The girl was completely surprised—and sympathetically amused—when her mother told her a certain date might not be altogether suitable because she—mama—expected to have another baby about that time.

"Hurray for you!" exclaimed the up-to-date daughter. "You and daddy are *simply marvelous!* I'm going to congratulate him."

Modestly but firmly the mother of ten said, "You must not mention it to him. He doesn't know. I never discuss such matters with your father."

● Here's a ladylike tip for the Telephone Company: New phone booths in England are fitted with two very thoughtful feminine conveniences. Each booth has a mirror in it, also a hook on which to hang a handbag.

● To own a farm with cows is, for a special reason, the desire of one successful business man I know. He wants to wake at dawn, stay snug in bed, and gloat while *others* do the early milking. Why? Because he grew up on a hard-working dairy farm; as a boy he had to milk ten or twelve cows every morning before breakfast. Later he went out West and punched cattle. Now, at rodeo shows, his friends often ask him if he wouldn't like to bust a bronco again. He says, "Nó, but I'll gladly pay ten dollars to watch *you* do it."

Fiction writers love to glamorize the soul satisfactions of hard labor. People who have graduated from that school are not so enthusiastic. They would rather see somebody else do the soul-satisfying work.

● Among the new books for summer travelers, two I like particularly are *Away to Cape Breton*, by Gordon Brinley (published by Dodd, Mead & Co.), and *Sweden on \$50*, by Sydney Clark (published by Robert M. McBride & Co.).

● Iced chocolate, prepared the Vienna way, makes a delicious and substantial summer drink. Children love it.

Melt 2 squares sweet chocolate in a double boiler over hot water. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, pinch of salt. Stir well and add slowly 1 cup boiling water. Cook a few minutes, then put in 3 cups scalded milk. Bring to boil for 2 minutes, then beat thoroughly with wire whisk, and add $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla. Chill. Pour into tall glasses that have been half filled with finely cracked ice. Top with spoonful whipped cream, sprinkle the whipped cream lightly with powdered cinnamon and grated chocolate. Serve with thinly buttered sandwiches of nut bread.



FINAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THIS OFFER!

\$2,000

FOR PICTURES OF BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN

ACT NOW ...
LAST CHANCE TO ENTER

THIS is the final announcement of this unusual prize offer. No further registration coupons will be published. If you have planned to enter but have delayed for any reason, act now! Remember, a snapshot has just as much chance to capture a prize as a formal portrait. And don't forget, too, that each entry must have an official registration coupon affixed. Coupons not pasted to pictures will invalidate entries. Be sure you paste yours firmly. The closing date gives you ample time to prepare and mail an entry if you get busy now. Don't let this opportunity slip. Your entry may well be the one that is awarded the \$500 cash first prize. You can't win less than \$5. Get busy!

THE RULES

1. Liberty is seeking the pictures of beautiful children. Every child—babies and young children, boys and girls who have not passed their tenth birthday—is eligible except children of employees of Liberty and their families.
2. It is not necessary to take new pictures for this contest. However, each entry must be of recent taking and must show the subject as he or she appears at this time.
3. To be considered for a prize, each picture must be accompanied by an official registration coupon properly filled out.
4. Pictures will be judged on the basis of personality and pictorial appeal. The editors of Liberty will be the judges. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
5. To the child whose picture rates highest, in the opinion of the judges, Liberty will pay a first prize of \$500. Other awards will be: second prize, \$200; third prize, \$100; twenty prizes, each \$10; 200 prizes, each \$5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
6. Address all entries to BEAUTIFUL CHILD EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before August 5, 1936, the closing date of this contest. Send entries flat by first-class mail.
7. By entering you give Liberty the right to publish the picture for the purposes of this contest. All prize-winning pictures will become the property of the publishers for reproduction wherever desired. No pictures will be returned nor will we be responsible for pictures lost in the mails.



Here's a picture that won cash in one of Liberty's Home Life Snapshot contests. Will you submit a winner this time?

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	\$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each \$10	200
200 PRIZES, Each \$5	1,000

OFFICIAL REGISTRATION COUPON BEAUTIFUL CHILD CONTEST

Fill out and paste this coupon on the back of the picture you enter. In the case of small snapshots paste the picture on the back of this coupon.

Please enter this photograph of my child, in compliance with all of the rules, in Liberty's Beautiful Child Contest. Permission is hereby given to reproduce this picture for the purposes of this contest.

Child's name
Date of Birth
Boy or girl
Height
Weight
Color of hair
Color of eyes
Mother's maiden name
Father's name
Father's occupation
Home address
City
State
Signed
(Signature of parent or guardian)
Sender's name
Sender's address

WHO KILLED Kent Grinnell?

READING TIME
26 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

SHE'S done it!" Babe cried. The door gave way with a crash. Merlyn Davies lay dead on the floor, a crimson smear on her forehead. In her hand was a smoking revolver. Dr. Faire knelt beside the body. "She died instantly," he said. He rose, crossed over to the bed, and taking a coverlet from it, spread it over the girl's form. "She loved him," said von Strausmann. "Everybody knew that. He was her god. When he died there was nothing left for her."

"Of course," said Dr. Faire, "there may be something in Babe's suggestion that she killed him and then herself, as she'd always said she would." Sonya von Strausmann opened the door softly and came into the room. She was a woman alive. There was color in her cheeks. Her eyes were kindled with some inner fire. She crossed the room swiftly, dropped to her knees, and flipped the coverlet from the face of the figure beneath it, then rose to her feet and stood looking down.

"So you killed him. You think you've won. Nothing can take him away from you. You have him at last. He's yours."

"We have no proof," Dr. Faire said sternly, "that Merlyn Davies killed Kent Grinnell."

Sonya stared at him. All the color died out of her face. "You'll find proof," she whispered; "you'll find proof."

"Hello!" said Dave abruptly. "What's this?" He was hauling something out of a scrap basket which had been shoved far back under the desk. He held it up—a slab of green blotting paper, its surface sprinkled with red spots.

"She hid it here and replaced it with a fresh one from this desk. You see, there is no blotter here. She thought no eyes but hers had seen the blood on this one when it was in the library."

"You think," Dave said, "that after she was in Kent's room she came down to the living room?"

"Suppose," said Dr. Faire, "Kent had roused himself and for some reason gone to her room. Perhaps she had come in and persuaded him to. We don't know. Now suppose they quarreled. Had he become interested in another woman?" Dr. Faire shot the question suddenly at Sonya.

She shook her head.

"No. She was merely insane with jealousy."

"Wait a minute," said Dr. Faire. "What about this little Miss Dayne? Was he interested in her?"

"Leila's been a friend of the Grinnells ever since she was knee-high," said Dave. "She was just a kid. A friend of Curt's." Then, "Wait a minute. I do remember now Kent's saying something about her having written to him in India. But there was nothing between Leila and Kent. She's engaged to Curt. Babe can tell you all about it."

"I understand. I'm after the motive for Merlyn's sudden murderous rage. I think I'll go back to his room and see whether we can't find some trace of her having been there. Carl, take your wife to her room. Dave, come with me."

Dave shuddered as he stepped across the sill, and kept his eyes averted from the bed.

"If Merlyn wanted to conceal herself in this room," said Dr. Faire in his matter-of-fact voice, "where would she hide?" He walked thoughtfully about. "If she was in here in the dark, crouched to kill, she must have heard a step outside. When the handle of that door turned—"



Leila straightened her shoulders and faced them. "I'll say it," she said. "They've got to know."

DEATH ON THE HEELS OF DEATH! NOW EVENTS CLOSE SWIFTLY IN
ON THE TORTUOUS TRAIL TO THE HEART OF A THRILLING MYSTERY

STERNE CARRINGTON

ILLUSTRATION BY
W. D. STEVENS

"Turned?" said Dave. "You mean some one else came in this room at the same time?"

"Yes. Sonya. She told me."

"Good Lord! If Carl ever heard about that—"

"He won't—not from me."

"But what did she do it for?"

"She said she had to warn Kent of the danger he was in. She couldn't wake him up."

"But if Merlyn was in here when Sonya came in, what did she do?"

"Hid, just as Sonya came in that door."

"But where?"

"The closet, perhaps."

Dr. Faire walked over to it, took hold of the handle and turned it. Something obstructed it. He gave it a tug, said, "Here, Dave, give me a hand, will you? It's stuck."

Together they yanked it open.

Inside the closet was a huddled figure in evening clothes, with glassy eyes and purple congested face, its head lolling forward.

It was the body of Fred Worthington.

Dr. Faire shut the library door. He and von Strausmann were alone. He said, "We're back where we started. For a while I thought Merlyn had committed the murder; but she couldn't have strangled Worthington."

Von Strausmann did not seem to be listening.

Some one knocked at the door.

It was Parker. He said, "If you please, sir, Ella went in to make up Miss Dayne's room just now. Miss Dayne had stepped outside so that Ella could get on with her work. She opened the window to air the room, when she noticed—right outside, on the roof, that is—a piece of black cloth caught on a long rusty nail."

Dr. Faire said, "I'll go take a look, Carl. You try to get a little rest on the couch here."

"Well, maybe I will."

Ella stood by the open window. She said, "Look there, Dr. Faire. Somebody was out on that roof last night, and got caught on that nail."

"Can you get that piece of stuff for me, Parker?" said Dr. Faire.

"I'll try, sir. But the roof's still soaking wet, and slippery, sir."

Ella held firmly to Parker's knee as he leaned out. In a moment he drew back and handed the strip of black material, soaked with the rain, to Dr. Faire.

"It might have been torn from a dinner jacket," the doctor said. He turned it over in his fingers. He looked up suddenly. "Where's Mrs. Jarvis?"

"With Mrs. Worthington, sir. I can call her."

"No—never mind. Find Miss Dayne instead."

When Leila Dayne came into the room, her hand was at her throat, her eyes wide. She said, "What are you doing here?"

Dr. Faire said to Parker, "I'll keep this material. Thank you. You may go now." To Leila he said, "You had a narrow escape. Somebody lay outside your window last night in the rain. He may have mistaken your room for Kent's. Did you hear any sounds there?"

"No." Trembling now.

"Miss Dayne," the doctor said abruptly, "was Curt Grinnell jealous of his brother?"

Her eyes dilated with terror. "No! No! I don't know."

"Did Curt threaten to kill Kent if he made love to you?"

"No."

"Did you see Curt again last night after you ran away from the club?"

"No."

"You're sure of that?"

"Yes, yes, I'm sure. Curt didn't do it! Curt didn't do it! You don't think he'd do that!"

Dr. Faire patted her hand before he went out of the room.

He walked without apparent haste toward the servants' wing, entered it, and, stopping at the door of Mrs. Jarvis's sitting room, turned the handle. It was locked. He rapped softly.

"Come out, Curt," he said.

"It's Dr. Faire. I want to talk to you."

There was an instant's silence; then the sound of footsteps and the grating of a key in the lock. The door opened.

Curt Grinnell stood there, in a dressing gown. His evening clothes, stained with dirt and mud, lay on the radiator. His right arm was in a sling. He looked at Dr. Faire without speaking for a minute. Then he said, "You win. I give up. I killed him!"

He coughed as he spoke, his face twisted with pain. Dr. Faire led him back into Mrs. Jarvis's bedroom. The bedclothes were flung back on the narrow brass bedstead. Curt lay down and closed his eyes. The effort he had made seemed to have exhausted him completely. Dr. Faire went over him with expert fingers.

Curt opened his eyes. He said slowly, "How did you know I was in here?"

"Somebody ran into Ella in the dark, and disappeared. But where? Mrs. Jarvis let us into her sitting room, but it didn't take much to see that she was not at ease, and her story didn't hang together. Good Lord, Martha Jarvis would have been out in that hall with a curling iron or an umbrella or anything she could lay her hands on if she heard a scream for help. She wasn't. When I found the light switch off, I knew somebody had been at it who knew the house like a book. Who better than a member of the family? The missing member, let us say.

"Whom would Jammy lie for, valiantly but obviously? You Grinnells are closer to her than her own flesh and blood. She'd help you with her last gasp of breath."

Curt said, "Nobody can help me now. I've got to stand up and take it."

"All right," said Dr. Faire. "What happened last night after you and Leila quarreled over Kent?"

Curt looked away, his face set, grim. "All right. You want it, and you're going to have it."

The story came with a rush—Curt, the younger brother, jealous from childhood of Kent. It was always, "Can't you be more like your brother?" Kent, the family favorite; clever, popular, admired—now a famous explorer.

The last straw was Kent's cutting in on the girl Curt loved—the girl who had said she would marry him. He had quarreled with her; had watched her dancing with Kent; seen Kent walk away from her. Watched her run off, crying; then gone looking for her.

"But I couldn't find her, and somebody told me Kent had gone home, and all I could think of was that he and Leila had gone together. I don't know how I got home. Walked, I guess. It was pouring. I circled around the house. I was certain that Leila and Kent were together somewhere up there in the dark. I had to know. I had

GEOGRAMS



What state capital is represented by the picture above?
Of what state is it the capital?

(The answer will be found on page 54)

to know to stop that awful spinning in my brain! I got up on the roof by the way of the kitchen shed and crawled along the roof to Leila's room. Suddenly the light went on inside, and I saw Kent there. Leila was sitting up in bed, trying to talk and crying. Begging him to go, to let her alone. I knew then what I was going to do.

"I started away. That was when I caught my arm on a nail and ripped it to the bone. I slid down. I didn't have my keys in my evening clothes, so I forced a French window in the living room and got in. On my way to the hall I saw a penknife lying on the table. It was open. I grabbed it up. My arm bled on the blotter.

"I saw Kent coming out of Leila's room. I waited for him at the head of the stairs. He said, 'What's the matter with you? Your arm's bleeding.' I looked down and saw that blood was all over the landing. I never spoke. I followed him into his room. I shut the door. I started to say, 'You and Leila—' but I couldn't get it out. I lunged at him with the knife, and he stumbled and fell across the bed and lay still. I thought of that handkerchief he had slipped into his pocket at dinner. I remembered it was used to strangle people with. I got it out of his pocket and tied it round his throat. I tied it tight. Then I got up and went out of there.

"My arm was spurting blood. So I went to the linen closet and hacked up a pillowcase with the knife I still had in my hand. I tried to stop the bleeding, but I couldn't. I thought, I'll go to Jammy; she'll help me out. I opened the closet door, and saw that girl, Ella, coming down the hall. I ducked back and pulled the light switch off, and when it was dark I ran toward Jammy's room. I didn't figure on bumping into Ella or on her screaming." He stopped, leaned back on the pillow. "That's all."

DR. FAIRE said, "Not quite all. Why did you kill Fred Worthington too?"

"Worthington?" Curt sat bolt upright and stared. "Worthington?"

Mrs. Jarvis knocked softly at the door. "It's me; it's Jammy," she whispered.

Dr. Faire opened the door. Her face went blank with terror. Dr. Faire patted her arm. "It's all right, Mrs. Jarvis. I knew he was here."

"He's out of his head, doctor, what with the fever and all. Don't listen to a word he says."

Dr. Faire nodded reassuringly. "Yes, he's in bad shape. High fever, nasty cold on his chest, and a mean cut on his arm. You did perfectly right to put him to bed and keep him there."

When the doctor had finished bandaging his arm, Curt spoke:

"Do you—do you suppose I could see Leila—alone?"

"I'll get her myself," Dr. Faire said. . . .

Leila opened her door at Dr. Faire's knock.

WARNING!



SILVERTOWNS ARE THE ONLY TIRES WITH THE LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

Woman Driver: "All I remember, Officer is hearing a BANG! Then the car ran crazy. I guess I'm lucky it wasn't more serious."

Officer: "I'll say you are. Do you know that thousands are killed or injured by blow-out accidents every year?"

* * *

There's no question about it—riding on *unsafe* tires is a gamble no motorist can afford to take. Your brakes and your steering gear may be in perfect shape—but could they hold you on the road if a whirling tire suddenly blew out? The law of averages is all against you, unless you're properly protected.

When you spin along at 40—50—60

miles an hour the tire gets blistering hot *inside*. Rubber and fabric separate. Unknown to you a blister forms and grows bigger and BIGGER until—sooner or later—BANG! A blow-out that might have been prevented if your car had been equipped with Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tires.

Are your tires safe?

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"Curt wants to see you, Miss Dayne," he said politely. She caught hold of the table beside her, staring at him with terrified eyes.

"Curt! Where is he?"

"In Mrs. Jarvis's room. Will you come with me now?"

She followed him. At the door of Mrs. Jarvis's room she shrank back. "I can't!" she whispered. "Don't make me. I'm afraid!"

But he opened the door and called out softly, "Here's Leila, Curt." Then he shut the door on them and went slowly toward the stairs.

"What do you think of all this, Carl?" he asked. He had reported Curt's confession to Dave and von Strausmann, and sent Dave upstairs to get Babe out of her mother's room. "I'll be along in a few minutes," he promised Dave.

Von Strausmann said thoughtfully, "Parker was away from this house, his actions unaccounted for, for a good part of the night. Why not call him in?"

Parker stood before them, quiet, respectful, and (did Dr. Faire fancy it?) a little furtive in his manner.

Von Strausmann questioned him, at the doctor's nod:

"How long have you been employed here, Parker?"

"Twelve years, sir."

"Ella's considerably younger than you, isn't she?"

Parker looked resentful. "Yes, she is," he said.

"She must be about twenty. How long has she been employed here?"

"About a year, sir."

"Where did she work before she came here?"

Parker hesitated. "At Mrs. Worthington's, sir."

"For how long?"

"It wasn't long."

"Why did she leave?"

Parker drew a long breath. "She left because of—of the master, sir. He wouldn't leave her alone."

"You hate him, don't you?"

His face gray now, his teeth clenched: "Anybody'd hate a man like that. He deserved to die!"

Von Strausmann spoke softly: "That's all, Parker."

Babe was saying, "What is it, Dave? What are you trying not to say?" when Dr. Faire came into the room.

He said, "Curt's home, Babe. He's here in this house. He's been here all night."

The color left her face. She said quietly, "Did he kill Kent?"

"That's what he says," said Dr. Faire.

"But you don't think he *did* it, do you?"

"I don't think he did it."

"Oh!" She dropped down on a chair, with a little sob. "Thank you for that!"

SHE wanted to go to Curt at once. "Curt and I are very close to each other. We always have been. He needs me—"

"Not yet. Mrs. Jarvis is looking after him. Let's talk about it first. He got it into his head that Kent and Leila—well, he followed them home last night—"

"But they didn't come home together."

"He didn't know that. He thought they did. He figured they'd gone off together; that they were in love—"

"He was right. They were."

"Do you believe that?" said Dr. Faire.

"I knew it when Kent looked at her yesterday. He knew it, too. I even talked to him about it, and asked him not to go near her. I told him Curt adored her. I begged him to give Curt a break—"

"That's funny," said Dave. "When I brought him home from the club, he said, 'You go back and tell Babe I gave the kid a break.'"

"Then nothing on God's earth could make me believe there was anything between him and Leila!"

"Maybe not," said Dr. Faire. "But Curt says he saw

him in Leila's room—" Briefly he told her Curt's story. Babe sprang to her feet. "I don't believe it! Curt's lying! I don't know why, but he's lying. Don't you see, Dave, what Kent meant by giving Curt a break was that he was stepping out of the picture and giving Leila back to Curt? That's why he left Leila and concentrated on Paula Worthington last night. He wanted to show me he'd left the field clear for Curt!"

"It might be," said Dr. Faire.

"And Leila sitting next to Kent at dinner. She was supposed to sit by Curt. She must have changed the place cards. If she told him about it, it must have made him furious, because it would look as if he had broken his word to me. That's why he turned her down hard at the club. I see it all now— Where is she? I want to ask her a few questions."

"She's with Curt," said Dr. Faire. "He wanted to see her alone."

"Well, they're through talking by this time, and I'm going to see her, and him too."

They went—Babe, Dr. Faire, and Dave.

Leila stood beside Curt's bed. She put out her hand toward him; but Curt turned away impatiently, avoiding her eyes.

Babe seemed about to speak, but Dr. Faire forestalled her. He looked at Leila. "Was Kent angry when you changed the place cards at the table?"

"How did you know?" Her lips trembled. It had seemed such a little thing for him to be so angry about.

"WHEN you danced together that last time, did you ask him why he was angry?"

She nodded, her eyes full of tears. "He wouldn't answer. And then I—I told him I loved him. I'm not ashamed of it. Curt knows. Curt knows I couldn't help it."

"And what did Kent say?"

"He said he was—he was terribly sorry and—deeply honored. As if he were dismissing me."

Babe said, "He'd given me his word he'd—he'd give Curt a break."

"Damn him for that!" said Curt. "Who the devil was he, to give me a break? Besides, he didn't keep his word. Later he went to Leila's room and tried to—"

"Wait a minute," said Dr. Faire. "Do you mind repeating for Babe's benefit your description of what you saw?"

Curt sat up now. A red spot burned in his cheeks. "No, I don't mind. Why should I mind?" He described the scene in Leila's bedroom, and his own actions, precisely as before.

When Curt finished, Dr. Faire said quietly: "The first part of that story just doesn't happen to be true. If you had seen Kent attacking Leila, you'd have gone through that window and been at his throat quicker than lightning." He turned to Leila. "Isn't it about time you said something?"

Leila straightened her shoulders and faced them. "I'll say it. Curt has been lying to save me. I did it!"

"Don't listen to her!" screamed Curt, flinging off the covers, trying to get to his feet.

Leila went over to him. "No, Curt. They've got to know. I wanted you to let me tell them in the first place."

She told her story in a monotonous voice. She had been awakened by some one's presence in her room. Footsteps approached her bed. In her terror, she groped for something to defend herself with. Her hand found her scissors lying by a sewing box on the table beside the bed. Suddenly the man stumbled against the bed, fell across her. She drew back her arm—brought the scissors down on his back. When he cried out, she knew it was Kent Grinnell.

It was then that she switched on the light. Kent was on his feet, apologizing, though wincing from pain; he said he must have been wandering about in a daze. He



went out, leaving her with the scissors. The points were bloody. She ran to her bathroom and washed them. Not until morning did she know that anything worse had happened.

"Will I have to go to prison?" she whispered.

Curt had leaped from his bed and run to her side.

"I've muffed it," he said. "I'm no damned use! I tried to help you, and I muffed it."

Dr. Faire said cheerfully, "You've got nothing to worry about, Curt. Leila isn't going to be held for murder. It was not she who killed Kent, but the strangler."

Leila gasped, "I didn't—I didn't kill him?"

"No. The wound in his back wasn't, I'm certain, sufficiently deep to cause his death. It was no more than a small cut from which he bled copiously. You were in no position to inflict a mortal wound, even if you had wanted to, or had had a real weapon with which to do it."

The color was flooding back into her cheeks. She was crying now, little gasping sobs.

To Curt the doctor said, "I gather that what you actually saw when you looked in through that window was not a desperate struggle between Kent and Leila, but Leila probably in bed, staring as if she were hypnotized at something she held in her hand, which flashed like steel when the light touched it."

Curt nodded. "I couldn't understand what was going on. It was all so different from what I had pictured it. Before I could grasp what was happening, Kent turned and walked out of the room. And the next thing I knew, Leila jumped out of bed and ran into the next room. That was when I decided to come down to the ground. The rest happened as I told you."

Dr. Faire said, "Did you at any time see Merlyn Davies in the living room?"

"Merlyn? No."

To Babe Dr. Faire said, "On what extension did you call me up this morning?"

SHE looked up, frowning. "Why, it was in Kent's room, I think. Yes, it was—on his telephone. Right after we went in there and found him—" She stopped with a shudder.

"Then," said Dr. Faire, "I want you to come along with me to Kent's room now. I need your help."

He led her to the table standing beside Kent's bed, and picked up the telephone.

"See this wire?" he said. "Cut. Clean as a whistle. After you had called me. This is the main extension, the artery of the system. By cutting this particular wire the whole house was disconnected. I noticed it when I was in here a few minutes ago. I've brought you here so that your mind could reconstruct the scene. Now, who stood near you, next to you, when you called me?"

Babe stood thinking. Suddenly

she cried, "Sonya! That's who stood beside me. Here, right by this table. But when could she have cut the wire?"

"I don't know. But we'll find that out along with a number of other things."

Dr. Faire returned to the library. . . .

Parker, white-lipped, said, "I'd like to have done it, sir, but I didn't. That will always be my greatest regret—that I didn't do it with my own hands."

"That's your story, is it?" said Dr. Faire from a deep armchair.

"It's the truth, sir."

"Parker, it will pay you to tell me all that took place, rather than tell it to the police."

"I have told you, sir."

"You will say you didn't see Worthington at any time between midnight and morning?"

"I did not."

"Then there's nothing more to say. Will you ask Mrs. von Strausmann to step down to the library?"

"Yes, sir." He vanished swiftly.

DR. FAIRE sighed, stretched, got to his feet. He looked at his watch. Seven o'clock. At last, he thought, the long and tortuous trail was slowly but surely leading straight to the heart of this tragedy. It remained only to interview one other.

He turned at a light knock on the door. Parker stood there, once more the respectful servant.

"Beg pardon, sir, but the professor said Mrs. von Strausmann drove home with Mrs. Worthington. They left about half an hour ago."

"Where's the professor?"

"He was in his room, sir, lying down."

Dr. Faire ran up the stairs and burst open von Strausmann's door. "Carl," he said, "you had no right to let her go. Nobody should have left this house. You knew that."

Von Strausmann, coatless, stretched out on his bed, opened his eyes and sat up. "Let her? I didn't even know she'd gone until one of the maids mentioned it."

Dr. Faire looked hard at him. "You supposed, Carl, that all was over between your wife and Kent Grinnell?"

"Well, it was."

"No, it wasn't. Not by any means. The first suspicion I had that Sonya was deeply involved in this affair was—"

"Sonya involved?" Von Strausmann sprang to his feet.

"Yes, Sonya. Of all those gathered around the table, she was the most deeply affected at seeing the rumal. Why? Because she never dreamed it would be found by any one but Kent himself when she laid it on his pillow."

"She didn't fear Merlyn's power; she disdained it. She had, she knew, charms far superior to those of his secretary. He was hers till a new and unexpected element crept in. A girl back here, who was writing love letters to Kent, who adored him as a

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hero, to whom she looked up—Leila Dayne. Yesterday, when Kent and Leila touched hands, Sonya saw their sudden electric interest in each other.”

“And that makes her a murderess—is that it? Say, what the devil do you mean by—”

“Wait a minute. I doubt if she intended the *rumal* as more than a threat. I doubt if she dreamed of actually killing him last night.”

“She wasn’t near him,” said von Strausmann harshly. “She was asleep.”

The doctor went right on: “She faints. She goes to her room. You give her a bromide. She pours it out on the floor and hands back the empty glass and pretends to be asleep, to give herself time to think, time to plan. And fate played straight into her hands.”

“Say, what do you mean?”

“Kent was brought home from the club, deposited here, left alone, defenseless in his drunken sleep. Sonya was seen going into his room at two o’clock this morning. She said she found him asleep and was unable to wake him up. That was not true. She found him face down on the bed in a pool of blood. He was unconscious but alive. She could probably feel his faint heartbeats.

“It was then a comparatively simple matter for her to tie the *rumal* round his throat. With what savage satisfaction she twisted it tight we don’t know. Perhaps hymning a prayer to Kali.

“Startled by the sense of a living presence in the room, of eyes following her, she sprang up and ran. We know now it was Worthington, crouched in the closet, driven there by fear when he heard Sonya come into the room. It was his frightened breathing she caught as she bent over Kent.”

Von Strausmann sat hunched on the edge of the bed, his face gray and drawn, staring before him.

“And Worthington?” he said sarcastically. “Have you solved his death too?”

“Parker had motive enough to kill Worthington, and he probably did. I think he’ll talk soon, once he’s thoroughly scared. You remember he told you why Ella left her job at the Worthingtons.”

Von Strausmann nodded his gray head. Then he muttered:

“Yes, Parker was jealous. I suppose that’s why he killed him, why he strangled him, broke his neck.”

Parker’s voice at the door broke in: “If you please, sir, the police are here.”

“Tell ’em I’ll be with ’em in a minute,” said Dr. Faire. He got up and went slowly over to

von Strausmann. “By the way,” he said, “you killed them both, didn’t you?”

Von Strausmann leaped to his feet. The terror of his face was like a naked deformity. There was a moment of silence; then he said, “What do you mean?”

“No one but me, a doctor, and the murderer knew that Worthington’s neck was broken. You haven’t even seen the body. I merely said he was strangled to death. No one could have known except the man who lunged at him, snapped the neck, fractured the vertebrae, and severed the cord.

“Death must have been instantaneous—not the frantic battle a man puts up for his life when he feels the breath

being choked out of him, but a sudden collapse. That was how you knew what had happened. You and I alone. *Not another living soul.*”

Von Strausmann stared at him, his lips parted, panting softly. Then, “Yes, I killed him—for seeing too much. He had to die, and I killed him. And I killed Kent, too! I suspected that Sonya and Kent were lovers. I left the *rumal* as a threat. But last night, when I came back from the club, I watched, and I saw my wife go to his room. I waited till she came out, and I slipped inside myself.”

“And the telephone wire,” said Dr. Faire; “you cut that, too?”

Von Strausmann nodded. His eyes burned with a strange light. He whispered, more to himself than to any one else: “She is satisfied! At last Kali is satisfied! Her cry for blood is still, for the time being. Two human sacrifices in one night to my goddess!”

Dr. Faire said: “Kali. Curious, isn’t it? But that’s another name for potassium, and when it’s lighted it burns with the same weird colors of your goddess.” He reached in his pocket. “Long

ago you saved my life, Carl. I haven’t forgotten it. I—er—slipped this in my pocket. Cyanide of potassium. There it is. I’m going outside. I leave you alone with Kali. Lock the door, if you like. The police are here. They will try this door. If it happens to be locked, they will break it down, of course.”

He shut the door softly behind him. Coming toward him were two officers of the law.

“Dr. Faire?” said one of them. “I understand you know something about what took place here last night.” Dr. Faire nodded. He looked ill and shaken as he glanced at the closed door.

As he did so he heard the turning of a key in the lock. “Gentlemen,” he said, “if you will come with me, I’ll tell you who killed Captain Grinnell.”

THE END

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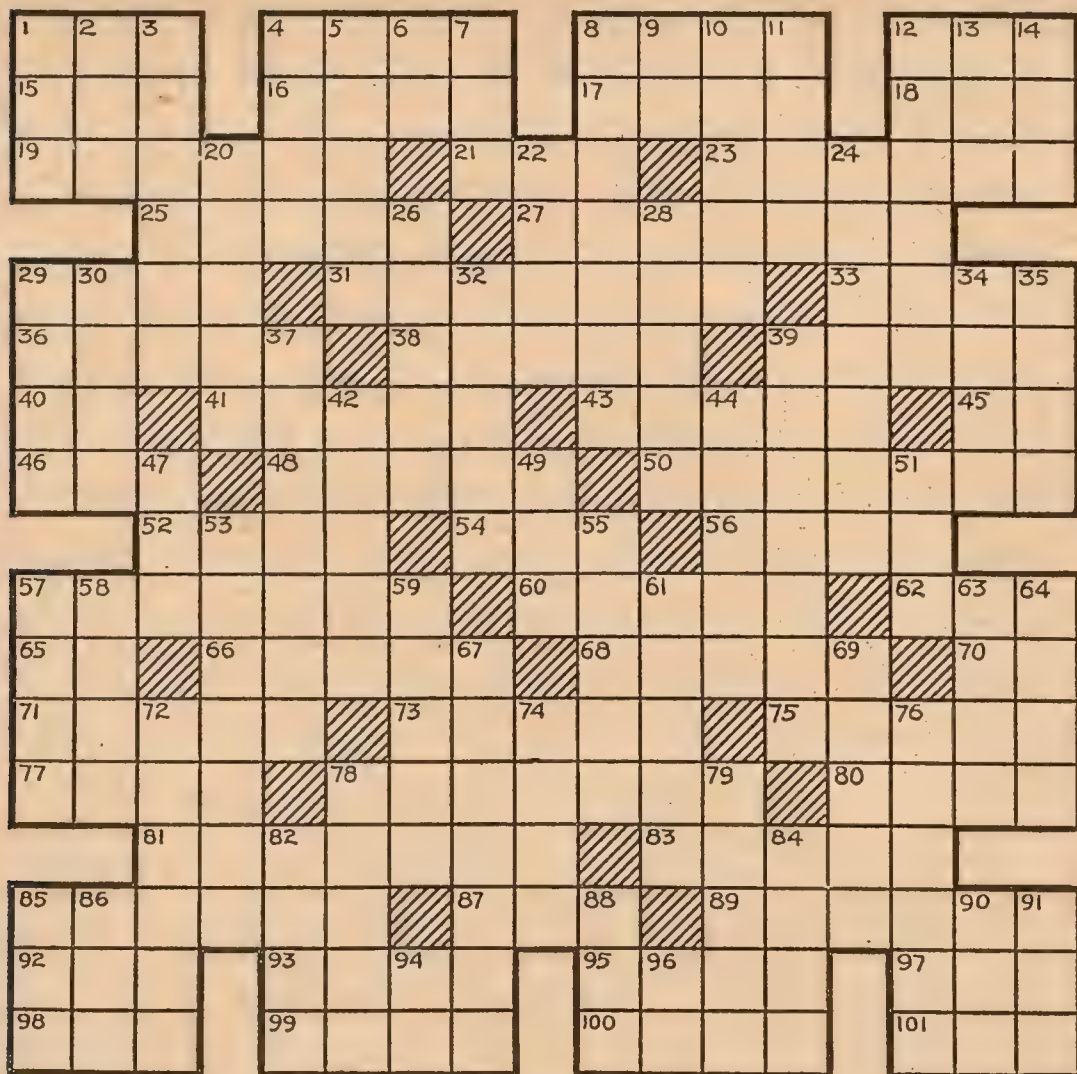
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ANSWER TO GEOGRAM PUZZLE
ON PAGE 50

Concord, New Hampshire.

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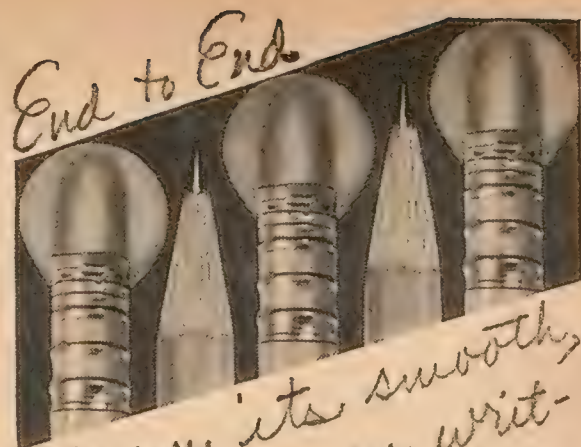
Answer to last week's puzzle

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1 A pronoun
 - 4 Begone!
 - 8 To move toward
 - 12 Cooking utensil
 - 15 Playing card
 - 16 Wild buffalo of India
 - 17 A bamboolike grass
 - 18 Form of to be
 - 19 Legislative body
 - 21 Utility
 - 23 Diminish
 - 25 Vision
 - 27 Bewails
 - 29 Declare confidently
 - 31 A sea cow
 - 33 City in Nevada
 - 36 A king of Phrygia
 - 38 Desire
 - 39 Proceeded tediously
 - 40 A preposition
 - 41 A small piece
 - 43 Postpone
 - 45 Japanese measure
 - 46 Lair
 - 48 The mountain ash
 - 50 Amuses
 - 52 Anglo-Saxon coins
 - 54 The sheltered side
 - 56 Sacred Hindu literature
 - 57 Whip weals
 - 60 Penetrate
 - 62 Humor
 - 65 An element (symbol)
 - 66 A man's garment (pl.)
 - 68 Ventilated
 - 70 Not
 - 71 Audibly
 - 73 Puff up
 - 75 Delay
 - 77 Genuine
 - 78 Intenders

- VERTICAL**
- 1 Possesses
 - 2 Frosting
 - 3 Corrected
 - 4 Surfeit
 - 5 The choicest part
 - 6 An article
 - 7 Greek letter
 - 8 Caused to exist
 - 9 Omission excepted (abbr.)
 - 10 Fracas
 - 11 State of bliss
 - 12 Went by
 - 13 Native metal
 - 14 Cardinal number

- 20 City in France
- 22 A European people
- 24 Roved at large
- 26 Kind of parrot
- 28 Allotted
- 29 Surrounded by
- 30 A creeping plant
- 32 A kind of cactus
- 34 A cozy residence
- 35 Poems
- 37 Grated
- 39 Hesitated
- 42 A flower (pl.)
- 44 A glandular organ
- 47 And not
- 49 Born
- 51 Crude
- 53 A small stream
- 55 Growing out
- 57 Cicatrix
- 58 Narrative
- 59 Guide
- 61 Rows
- 63 Woman's name
- 64 Rent
- 67 To be careless
- 69 To resign
- 72 Lowest deck of a vessel (var.)
- 74 A loop (anatomy)
- 76 Unit of electrical capacity (pl.)
- 78 Fashions
- 79 Pile
- 82 South American country
- 84 Beverage (pl.)
- 85 Disfigure
- 86 Prior to
- 88 Essay
- 90 River (Spanish)
- 91 To discover
- 94 An element (symbol)
- 96 Scoriated lava

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



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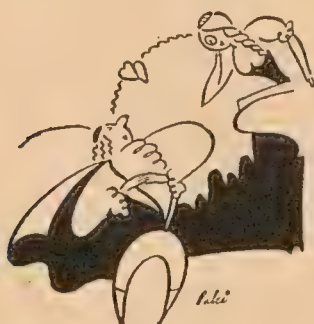
STUDEBAKER DEALERS FOR BIG USED CAR VALUES

Vox Pop

"Cohan Calls It Dirt—I Call It Life"

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—George M. Cohan gives his views on dirt and art in June 6 Liberty. The reasoning anent dirt bespeaks his own methods and their origination. They emphasize that his fame is founded more on emotion than fact. Anyway, from where I sit, it looks that way to this one-time drama sharp.

I fear time will lay a cold and clammy hand on George's contribution to the



stage. It may bracket him with Corse Payton and T. Daniel Frawley, putting him at the head of the line because of his flair for writing anachronistic comedies and songs that dazzle by virtue of the incongruous.

He mentions What Price Glory? and states: "But when you put that barroom verbiage in the mouths of women on the stage . . . it just doesn't belong."

It doesn't? He should hear some of the badinage gotten off by sailors' girls that pass my door. (I am right near

the Brooklyn Navy Yard.) He continues: "But why, I repeat, is it usually the same problem of sex?"

Well, I'll tell George. Drama is the enactment of the story of a struggle. The power to hold, enthrall, or excite an audience is in proportion to the ability of the cause to create that struggle. The two great mysteries of life are sex and death—sex the initial, death the conclusive enigma. All great dramas must of a necessity end with most of the cast laid out on the stage awaiting the undertaker. Yet death is not packed with unlimited possibilities.

But sex? Ah!

That power of sex to change, alter, or destroy conditions surrounding two or more people automatically makes it the "tops" of drama causes.

Sex! The balcony scene of Romeo and Juliet will hold and sway the multitudes until the last tick of recorded time. The Dionne quins will be newsreeled gazing at it in breathless tenseness. A play of sublimated lust bound by a ring of gold and transcending in its ruthless romanticism because the actors thought it worth the supreme sacrifice—death!

So, away with sophomoric diatribes of tap-dance actors. Bring on the sex problem. Call it dirt if you will. I call it life, and the stage has as its business holding the mirror up to nature.—*Hevlyn Dirck Benson.*

ONE NURSE . . . BAD APPLE

SANATORIUM, TEX.—In Vox Pop of May 2 Liberty, Mr. John Burns of Tucson, Arizona, states that nearly every case of advanced tuberculosis is due to the fault of some neighborhood doctor; that tuberculosis nurses possess no education or training, and that one bad nurse is like one bad apple in a barrel.

Since when, Mr. Burns, has the doctor become responsible for the abuse you have given your body?

As for the nurses being ignorant—well, they have made the cure, and that is more than you have done. Did you ever stop to think that one bad patient can run a dozen good nurses nuts?—*Clarence Covington.*

STAY MEAN, FELLOW YANKS!

RICHMOND, UTAH—What a calamity it would be if every one were suddenly good! What would all the legal and religious plush-bottoms do for bread and butter? Wouldn't they be pathetic on

their own, like you and me? Stay mean, fellow Yanks—our jobless list is long enough now.—*Bertha H. Woodland.*

THEY MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS IN IDAHO

ST. ANTHONY, IDA.—Why in thunder don't you, or some one, turn the damper on some of these technical critics?

I read a story or article in Liberty, and before I get through some would-be informer has it all picked to pieces and proved null and void.

If an author must make everything absolutely true to life and real, what's the use of writing? I like the stories I read to represent an illusion of life, something that can be imagined but need not be real.

So, if Vox Pop continues to print these amateurized analyses, I suggest Liberty glue the Vox Pop pages together before the magazine is circulated. I don't remember ever seeing a Vox Poppie from Idaho. Can it be all Idahoans (except me) strictly mind their own business?—*Earl E. Bagley.*

WAS WASHINGTON REALLY OUR FIRST PRESIDENT?

CHRISTCHURCH, N. Z.—In looking over Twenty Questions in a 1933 issue of Liberty, I see that in asking for the Presidents of the United States born British subjects, you have cut the most important one of all. That man was John Hanson of Maryland. You place George Washington as first President, and Washington surely was a Britisher; but was he really first?

Eight years before he was elected, John Hanson caught the eye of the Continental Congress which met in 1781, and was elected President of the United States. If this does not crown him first President of your country, what can? So that makes nine British Presidents instead of eight.

You turn out a wonderful magazine. I'm blown if I can see how you do it for tuppence ha'penny. There are good doctors in America, so have them examine those who say Liberty is no good.—*Cyril Watson.*

[New Zealand has discovered John Hanson. What do you know about him, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Vox Popper?]

ADVICE TO SMEDLEY BUTLER

ALLENTOWN, PA.—Like a good many of the peace racketeers he denounces, ex-professional warrior Smedley Butler has missed the point by a wide margin. Whereas the professional idealists would banish war by promoting brotherly love, the general would try to accomplish this desirable end with the present popular method of legislative bans and restrictions. Both methods are highly impracticable.

Future wars will be prevented as soon as it becomes more profitable to engage



in peacetime enterprise than in the manufacture of munitions and wartime commodities—and not before.

Somehow I dislike sending in free advice of this sort, because, as a professional in the know, General Butler is paid for his opinions; while as for me—well, what can the ideas of a truck driver be worth?—*Samuel C. Roth.*

TOP OR BOTTOM—WHICH?

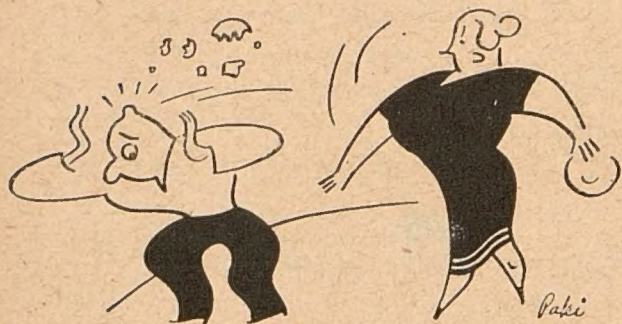
SHREVEPORT, LA.—Why do you have pages numbered on the bottom instead of at top? I read quite a bit lying in bed, and I find it a little inconvenient turning the pages, at the same time looking at the bottom for page numbers.

Don't you think there are lots of subscribers like myself? Why not have your Vox Pop ask the readers and see what they think?—*John C. Abel, Jr.*

LET UNCLE SAM PAY FOR DIVORCES

DES MOINES, IA.—We would like to form an organization of unhappy married men. The object is to get a government loan to cover the cost of divorce.

Members promise to repay loan as soon as Republicans get back in office. If the Republicans never get back in



office, loan can never be paid—just the same as all government loans.—*Stellers Greenling, Jack Cavala, Red Salmon.*

THESE SILLY SUPERSTITIONS

CHICAGO, ILL.—The truth takes a hundred years to catch up with the lie—if it ever does.

For this reason I wish you would omit the Lucky Omens of Roy McCardell. There are people whose lives are made miserable by these silly superstitions, and they spoil an otherwise fine magazine.—*F. Martin.*

JUST THINK ABOUT SOUTH DAKOTA!

YANKTON, S. D.—About the lamenting of Mae Kash, in June 13 Vox Pop, about New York not getting a place in the sun in Vox Pop, doesn't Mae know that Liberty is cooked up in New York City, and that New Yorkers don't read that rot? They live it. Furthermore, what sensible cook would eat his own hash?

As to California being the "writing-est" state, why shouldn't it be, with Barney Macfadden's Japs to do all the work, and the climate and forty-dollar bishops an' everything? The people have nothing else on their minds.

Just think about South Dakota. Here I have been writing to Liberty ever since the thing started, and all I ever saw in it was some of my phrases verbatim in some one else's contribution.—*Francis E. McKay.*

MACHINE GUN FIRES AGAIN

HACKENSACK, N. J.—It is quite evident, from the letter published in May 30 Vox Pop, that R. A. Maxwell and the editor know very little about machine guns.

Captain Blackledge is quite correct in his story (April 18 Liberty) when he states that machine guns were fired at the

"appalling rate" of seventy to the minute.

From your pictures published in his Company of the Damned, this type of gun should fire at approximately a rate of 500 shots per minute, but for all practical purposes it is never fired at a rate greater than seventy shots to the minute. If such guns as this were fired at their greatest rate, the barrels would certainly "blubber."—*Albert R. Wakeham.*

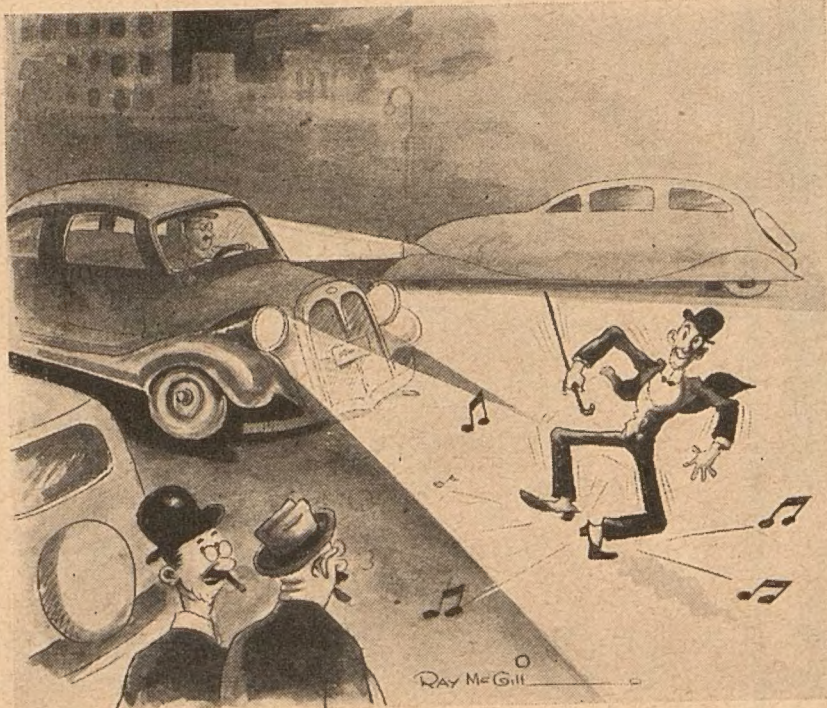
HAILS MR. MACFADDEN'S MAGNIFICENT SINCERITY

HOBBS, N. M.—For the magnificent manifestation of sincerity that envelops his editorial page I admire Bernarr Macfadden. For the courageous and bold utilization of an internationally known editorial page in defense of principles he holds essential to the preservation of intelligent social and economic progress I fervently respect him. The great power of the press has no finer apostle of fair play than this man.

I am inclined to the firm belief that as the press of today goes, so will go civilization. No nation will survive the furious onslaughts of modern greed unless it is perpetually and truthfully reminded by the editorial pages of the magazines and newspapers of the current events of the day. Small wonder, then, of the need for more Bernarr Macfaddens.

Sometimes I feel gladdened by the thought that here in the editorial pages of Liberty civilization will witness the inauguration of a philosophy destined to lead the world into that new age into which it is slowly but tragically approaching. To me, only some great emancipator of the press can focus the eyes of modern intelligentsia to a philosophy that will adequately distinguish the theories of plenty and scarcity in their relations to the art of living and the art of thinking.

Somehow, I feel that Bernarr Macfadden is capable of a great philosophy of this sort.—*Abe Goldberg.*



"Just a crazy hoofer out of work—every time he sees a spotlight he goes into a song and dance."

"BUT I'LL BREAK A LEG IF—"

VANCOUVER, B. C.—For Liberty, one week, one nickel; two weeks, two nickels; fifty weeks, fifty nickels. And what have I got?

Nothing!

I've been all over this continent trying to get away from this nickel nuisance, but every week it's the same old story—I spend the nickel.

When I hit Vancouver a while back and Liberty started the Bowes outfit, I thought that was the limit and booked passage on the Aorangi for Australia, fully satisfied that Bowes was a disease and I was getting away from it. But I'll break a leg if during our second week out on the blue waters a cabin boy didn't knock on my door and holler, "Liberty—only a nickel!"

It can't be done.—*A. Farly.*

GIVES SPORTS FANS A CHANCE

ENID, OKLA.—Congratulations on your Sportsword Puzzle. It's time you gave us sports fans a chance. Please keep it up.—*M. A. O'Neil.*

WE FEED OUR BODIES TRASH

MIAMI SPRINGS, FLA.—Our greatest evil is chemically prepared foods, adulterated foods, too high-priced necessary foods, and rotten cooks who cook the very h— out of vegetables.

The proof of my statement is seen in any doctor's or dentist's office, in the number of nerve sanatoriums—and in the prisons.

Why don't the public grade and high schools study practical physiology? I don't mean what the heart is made of—such abstract stuff—but the body's reaction to foods? It is significant that in grandma's day children were exceptions who wore glasses and had most of their teeth filled. Ask grandma who among her friends had nervous breakdowns.

We feed our bodies trash and then expect a normally functioning body and brain.—*I. Van Anden Kingcade.*

OTTO STEIGER UNDER TWO FLAGS

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Beverly Hills (Mr.? Mrs.? or Miss?) in Vital Statistic *re* Under Two Flags (June 6 Liberty) has done a great injustice to the man who was directly responsible for the picture's technical correctness and details in his capacity of technical director to Mr. Frank Lloyd.

This man is none other than Otto Steiger, who has actually served in the French Foreign Legion in Algeria, and the only member in the entire organization capable of giving the picture its authenticity on the subject. In justice to Mr. Steiger I wish you would correct this error.—*Vox Pop Veteran.*

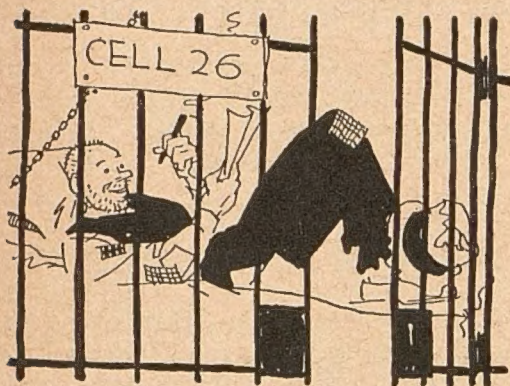
IT HAPPENED IN...

WASHINGTON, PA.—Two Washington men who perspired over the crank of an ancient Model T Ford may still be wondering who was the gray-haired gentleman who yelled at them:

"Get a horse!"

It was Henry Ford himself.

SAC CITY, IA.—Officers here keep their jail locked—not to keep prisoners in, but bums out. Once the jail was open, and so many hobos took advantage of the city's hospitality that it had to be locked.



SPRINGFIELD, MO.—Clifford Matthews was granted a divorce on the grounds that his wife nagged him about his cooking.

MARYSVILLE, CALIF.—"Keep it. I have a better one," a masked bandit told H. Y. Lockwood of Oakland, handing back his watch after having robbed him.

TULSA, OKLA.—The temperature was only 65°, but they carried Elmer Foutch to the hospital—the season's first heat victim.

Physicians peeled off seven suits of clothes and six suits of underwear.

"It's warmer this way," explained the rapidly recovering patient. "And you don't have to carry a suitcase."

Our Wandering Reporter



A "foot trail"—once seen, never forgotten. You'll find it at the Wilderness Battlefield, just out of Fredericksburg, Virginia. The battlefield is rightly named. Even now it is a wild tangle of trees and underbrush. Time has shallowed the trenches that extend for miles in uneven lines, and the elements have molded down the breastworks; but it's easy to imagine the Union boys digging in.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER CREATED BY GEORGE LARKIN—MACFADDEN STUDIO

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

THE CASE NEW JERSEY WOULD LIKE TO FORGET

SOME AMAZING DISCLOSURES BY
C. LLOYD FISHER

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S FINAL STATEMENT OF FAITH

ALSO—CARNIVAL LADY by Martha Ostenso—HELL IN THE HOLY LAND by Lowell Thomas with Kenneth Brown Collings—NAVY WOMEN MUST WAIT by Doris Rend—STAR STUFF by Elsie Janis—CAN EUROPEAN PROPAGANDA TAKE US IN AGAIN? by Wythe Williams—TUMULT ON THE DIAMOND by Johnny Evers—THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN THE UNITED STATES by Thomas J. Courtney—WANT A MAN, GIRLS? JUST TELEPHONE by Frederick L. Collins.

NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, JULY 22

"I'll show them..."



**I'M NOT OLDER
THAN JIM!"**

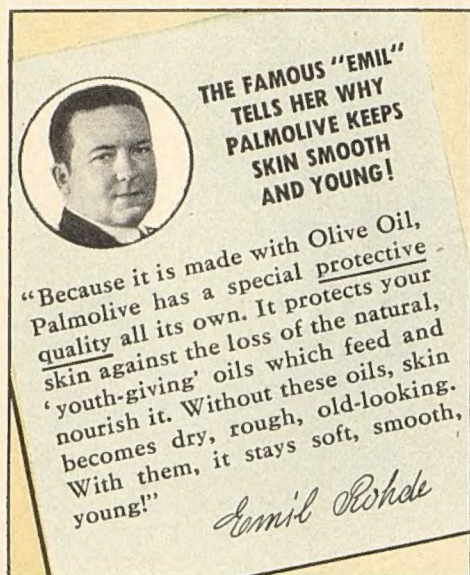


IF IT COSTS EVERY CENT I HAVE, I'M GOING TO THE BEST BEAUTY SALON IN TOWN AND GET MYSELF MADE BEAUTIFUL!



CHICAGO'S GREAT BEAUTY SPECIALIST EMIL ROHDE

THERE'S NOTHING OLD-LOOKING ABOUT YOU, MRS. BROWN...EXCEPT YOUR SKIN! AND IF YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP, YOU'LL SOON CORRECT THAT!



"Because it is made with Olive Oil, Palmolive has a special protective quality all its own. It protects your skin against the loss of the natural, 'youth-giving' oils which feed and nourish it. Without these oils, skin becomes dry, rough, old-looking. With them, it stays soft, smooth, young!"

Emil Rohde



ONE MONTH LATER

YOUR WIFE GETS BETTER LOOKING AND YOUNGER EVERY DAY, BROWN! WHAT'S THE RECIPE, MARY?

OH, IT'S VERY SECRET!

AND IT'S MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!

Why Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, protects your skin against the loss of "youth-giving" oils!

How can you keep your skin young through the years... soft, smooth, alluring... dear to the heart of any man?

With miracle preparations? Expensive treatments? No! Your skin is kept young, so beauty experts say, by its own "youth-giving" oils, that feed and nourish it!

Once these precious oils are lost, your skin grows dry, rough, old-looking... even though you are only 20.

To protect your skin against the loss of these vital, "youth-giving" oils, complexion authorities the world over recommend Palmolive... the soap made with Olive Oil. For only Palmolive is made from a secret and unique blend of Olive and Palm oils—the oldest and finest beauty oils known to science!

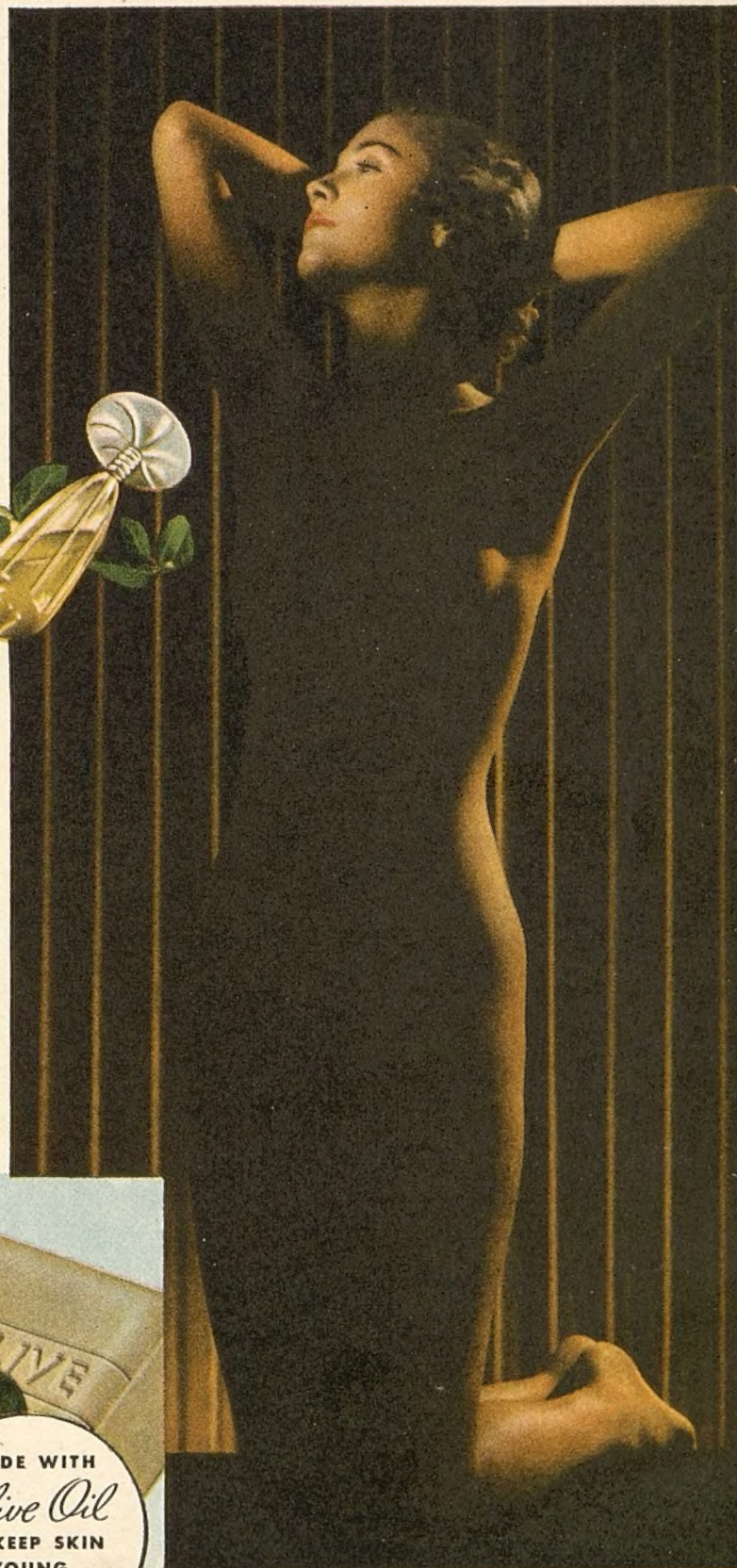
This care leads to loveliness!

Massage Palmolive's rich, fine-textured lather thoroughly into your skin. Notice how this mild bland lather (that olive oil alone makes possible) deeply and thoroughly cleanses your pores. Gently

cleans them of every trace of dirt and cosmetics, allowing them to breathe and function normally.

Now rinse with warm water, then with cold. See how much finer and clearer your skin looks... neither too dry nor too oily. And if you use Palmolive regularly, every night and morning, what matchless benefits it will bring *your* skin; benefits that only Palmolive's secret blend of precious Olive and Palm oils can give!

©C. P. P. CO., 1936



Why not use gentle Palmolive Soap for your daily bath, too! Give all your skin its protective care. Keep arms, shoulders, back soft and satin-smooth!

I carry you in
my pocket..



Chesterfield